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"FIAMMETTA."—PICTURE BY EUGÈNE VON BLAAS.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

If anybody still believes that the life of a British author, even if he is a popular one, is one of pleasure, and far less of profit, let him read the recently published biography of the Rev. Mr. Wood, the well-known naturalist. His hours of labour seem to have averaged twelve *per diem*; and when he took exercise it was (for the sake of economy of time and not of space) "at a run." His line of literature was, of course, "Natural History," which, to judge by the result in £ s. d., seems only to interest a few readers, notwithstanding the very high terms in which the reviewers write of it. If Mr. Wood could not get even a moderate income out of it, nobody else is likely to do so. But the saddest revelation in the book is the story of the popular lecturer. His remuneration, it seems, rarely exceeds ten pounds a night, out of which he has to pay his expenses; while the trouble and inconvenience the work entails are something prodigious. If such disagreeables happen to him at home, they are, however, nothing compared with what he has to suffer in America. For the Italian singer, who travels in her special carriage, with her marble bath, or for the popular actor, to whom expense is no object, it may be a very good business; but for the poor lecturers on science and natural history it must be (like sapphire-gathering) "a dreadful trade." Here is a little experience of it in the United States. In going from La Crosse to Boston, including drawing-room and sleeping cars, Mr. Wood tells us the fare was five guineas; but from Boston to La Crosse, without drawing-room or sleeping cars, it was six pounds ten shillings. This must have reminded the naturalist of the famous tiger that measured eighteen feet from his head to the tip of his tail, and nineteen feet from the tip of his tail to his head; but the expense of the journey, though it left but a small sum out of the profits of a lecture, was nothing compared with its fatigues. "The train was to start at 7.0, and breakfast was announced for 6.30. But the room was not opened till 6.45, so that there was only seven minutes for that meal. Then I had to carry my two bags, &c., to find the train. They do not trouble themselves about platforms here, but the trains stand about anywhere in the road or market-place. There are no porters or railway servants about, and the only plan is to board every train till you find the right one. This is not pleasant when you have to climb steep steps and are impeded by luggage." Mr. Wood was a divine, but I know some lay literary persons who, under such circumstances, would have used "swear words." At Buffalo things were very much worse, and, altogether, Mr. Wood's testimony as to the convenience of American travelling is distinctly unfavourable. The going about lecturing there, "with two bags, &c.," does not certainly combine Science with Recreation. It is fair to say that the remuneration is far higher than in England, but the outlay is also greater, and the worry and fatigue enormous. There are a good many other things in Mr. Wood's biography which should give young gentlemen pause who are looking forward to literature as a light and pleasant occupation, diversified with "farewell" banquets.

I read in the papers that Abbotsford brings in £600 a year from the fees of visitors. Considering the time that has elapsed since the Great Magician of the North left "the stately pleasure house" in which he took such pride for a far narrower dwelling, this is fame indeed. In the case of Shakespeare only (so far as I know) does a similar attraction produce similar results. One would think that with respect to other great authors the same thing would hold good, in various degrees. Yet I am not aware that "fancy prices" are paid even by the purchasers of the houses in which they have dwelt. Something of this indifference may be owing to ignorance, for I have never seen, even in an auctioneer's list, the least allusion to "villa residence" or "convenient mansion" as having been "at one time inhabited" by this or that person of genius. In these days, when everything the least "separate" and out-of-the-way has a market value, it is strange enough that none seems to attach to "association."

Correspondents are expressing their astonishment that books, magazines, and newspapers are not cut before being placed in the hands of their purchasers. It is a question characteristic of the age of hurry in which we live: we have no time to waste even in a mechanical way. Of old, readers exceedingly resented such a liberty being taken with their property: it seemed to them that it rendered it second-hand. I have known old gentlemen to be intensely irritated at having their *Times* cut for them by the new butler: they did not cut it all, but preferred to turn it over all sorts of ways, with flutterings and crumplings dreadful to their companions of the breakfast-table. In days when paper was by no means so cheap as it is now, newspapers were uncut because if unsold they thereby became more valuable for wrapping purposes; and perhaps—though it is a sad reflection for an author—this was the case also with books. It was just possible one's book did not sell, in which case it would fetch a better price uncut than cut. Though paper is now of far less value, there is still waste in cutting a book, which it must be remembered is not done with a paper-knife, but with a chopping-machine: it also makes its appearance less imposing—smaller. Nevertheless, it would no doubt be a great convenience if everything one wants to read had its pages cut. There are few newspapers that can stand the finger, especially if one has one's gloves on, and even books that are used this way suffer in appearance. Yet if in the train you open your paper at large the corners of the columns get into your neighbours' eyes, and you cover up the people opposite as though they were furniture whose owners have left town.

Mr. Ozaki, a Japanese gentleman who has lately visited Europe, has been giving his experiences in a native magazine, not of his travels, but of his fellow-countrymen whom he has met upon them, under the rather injurious title of "Value of Men Returning Home from the West." He is not of opinion that travel enlarges the mind—or, at all events, the Japanese

mind—but rather agrees with Hood, who likens it to copper wire, "which grows the narrower by going farther." His testimony is remarkable, as coming from one, belonging to a nation in some respects uncivilised, who visits those of higher type. If in his case no benefit occurs, how much less likely is it to do so when the conditions are reversed! Mr. Ozaki, however, is by no means inclined to confess to any inferiority of this kind, and puts the matter exactly as an Englishman might do, and with much shrewdness and originality. If he had remained at home, he says, he would have mixed with men of ability and learning, whereas from the nature of the case—ignorance of the alien tongue, lack of good introductions, and so on—he has had to put up with such society as he could get, to restrict his conversation to commonplace subjects, and to herd with "eating and drinking friends" rather than with the thinking ones. Being without occupation, he naturally adopted festive habits, since he met only with persons who were enjoying their hours of recreation. As to his statement that "the majority of Japanese who travel are a disgrace to Japan," one has no means of verifying it; but his general observations strike one as eminently sensible and, so far as I know, original. Making allowance for the fact that we are sometimes a good deal bored by their experiences, Mr. Ozaki's view of "globe-trotters" seems worthy of acceptance and endorsement.

The clemency of the Czar, of which so much is talked and so little seen, has, it appears, caused Madame Tschebrikova to be transported to the Caucasus, where she is "abominably fed and denied all companionship." This is what comes of writing temperate letters to an autocrat, pointing out what is amiss with his officials, and then going back into his dominions. In future, it is probable that Russian patriots will express themselves more plainly in addressing his Majesty from a safe place, and stop where they are.

The difference of behaviour in the Czar and the Kaiser is just now—for one doesn't know how long it may last—most remarkable. The latter seems really to be making a bid for that title of "Father of his Country" which the former, with some humour (though of the grimmest type), has assumed. Among other edicts, not only admirable in themselves but which he cannot be unaware are most unpopular with his councillors of the old régime, he has forbidden husbands and fathers to give or receive a challenge. There is a famous story of two English officers about to engage in mortal combat, one of whom, after their swords were measured, observed, "Our weapons are equal, but not our risks." "How so?" "Well, you are a bachelor, and I have a wife and children dependent on me." Whereupon the challenger, with a fine sense of comparison, put up his sword and apologised. Germans do not fight with one another so often as Frenchmen, but when they do they mean business. The Japanese duellists are still more serious in their aims, which are, however, directed against themselves. Their object is to discover which of them can get out of the world first, and thereby leave the other disgraced. A couple of very high officials once quarrelled upon the Imperial staircase upon a very grave matter indeed—their respective sword-knots happened to entangle. One stabbed himself at once, the other excused himself for the moment because it was his duty to serve a certain dish to the Emperor. Having handed the entrée to his Sovereign, his first thought was his own exit. He returned to his foe, and found him still alive on the stairs. "I am charmed," he said, "to see you still with breath in you: I was afraid you would have had the start of me"; and killed himself on the instant.

Perhaps the most curious story of duelling is that of M. de Walsh, a near relative of the Duc de Rochefoucauld. He had joined the army, when he suddenly returned home, it is supposed to take a last leave of his bride. He made, however, some excuse to her, and returned to Villenuif, where his regiment was quartered. Leaving his cabriolet and servant on the borders of the forest, he entered it alone, and was found a few hours afterwards dead, with several sword-wounds on his body. He was but sixteen years of age. No one seems to have doubted that he fell in a duel, but the cause of it and who killed him have for ever remained a secret.

The historical novel, in one volume, is just now enjoying considerable favour: it is probably, to use the language of the Ring, only "a rally"; but the mere fact of the success of such books as "Micah Clarke" and "The Splendid Spur" is noteworthy; for of late years the historical novel spelt the same word with the publisher that Shakespeare does with the theatrical manager—Ruin. The modern story-reader prefers a modern hero (in a hansom cab) to one armed *cap-à-pi*, or in a slouch hat and jack-boots. Still, old romance is looking up a little. An excellent example of it has just been published in the "House of the Wolf," by Mr. Stanley Weyman. The scene is France, the time the massacre of St. Bartholomew, but it is full of life and vigour. The chapter in which the three brave young brothers, with the girlish names, let themselves down from the window of their attic prison makes us hold our breath with excitement, and wish it were well over. And then, such is its grim attraction, we read it again. The portrait of the villain of the story, the Vidame, is admirably painted, and will long hang in the gallery of the reader's memory—a gruesome picture indeed. It is curious that the author has hitherto only been known as a writer of bright tales of the present day. Happy are the story-tellers who have two strings to their long bow! ["Mars by day, Apollo by night; bang the field-piece, twang the lyre."] How I envy their double-sided talents, and the audacity with which they defy the critics to plunge into the stream of Time with them! My own historical novel will be a post-mortem work; but I am thankful to say that I can, at least, admire. The "House of the Wolf" can be recommended as one of entertainment for all travellers in the realms of fiction.

THE COURT.

It is announced that Queen Victoria, who is in good health, will leave Aix-les-Bains about April 26. Her Majesty and the Royal family attended Divine service at the English church on Sunday morning, the 13th. The Dean of Gloucester, assisted by the Rev. John Hurst, officiated and preached the sermon. In the afternoon Mr. Daniel Barton's Private Band l'Harmonie Nautique de Genève played a selection of music in the garden of Villa Mottet. Afterwards Mr. Barton was presented to the Queen, and M. Bonade, the conductor of the band, was thanked by her Majesty. A grand fête was organised by the inhabitants on the 14th in honour of Princess Beatrice's birthday. Accompanied by the members of the Royal family now at Aix-les-Bains, the Queen, on the 15th, journeyed to Chambéry and reviewed a body of French troops. There was a large attendance of spectators, who repeatedly shouted "Vive la Reine!"

After having had a brief interview with Mr. H. M. Stanley, the Prince of Wales left Cannes on April 12 for Paris. His Royal Highness attended Divine service at the Rue d'Aguesseau Church on Sunday morning, the 13th, and in the afternoon paid a few visits, and went to the Bois de Boulogne. Next day he visited several friends, called at the Elysée, and went to see the contest at the Horse Show for the Grand Prix de Paris.—The Princess of Wales, accompanied by Princesses Victoria and Maud, arrived at Sandringham on the 10th from Marlborough House. Her Royal Highness has recovered from the indisposition under which she laboured. Accompanied by Princesses Victoria and Maud, she was present at Divine service, on Sunday morning, the 13th, at the church of St. Mary Magdalene, in Sandringham Park, the service being conducted by the Rev. F. A. J. Hervey. The Princess of Wales and her two unmarried daughters were present at the annual meeting of the West Norfolk Hunt Races on the 14th. On her way thither the feet of one of the carriage horses caught in the rails at the level crossing near the Grimston-road railway-station on the Eastern and Midlands Railway, causing some consternation and delay.—Prince Albert Victor left Cairo on the 15th for Alexandria, where he embarked on board the despatch-boat *Surprise* for Athens.

Prince and Princess Christian, with Princess Victoria and Princess Louise of Schleswig-Holstein, arrived at Cumberland Lodge on the 12th from Wiesbaden.

On arriving at Shanghai from Hong-Kong the Duke and Duchess of Connaught met with an enthusiastic reception from all classes of the population. His Royal Highness, having unveiled the statue erected to the late Sir Harry Parkes, left with the Duchess for Yokohama, where they were warmly received on April 15.

FOREIGN NEWS.

M. Barbey, the French Minister of Marine, has issued a circular to all Admirals holding commands absolutely prohibiting hypnotism in the Navy.

For the first time since the death of King Alfonso, Queen Christina gave a grand reception on April 13. One thousand and fifty persons belonging to the official world, the nobility, and the Diplomatic Corps were invited to meet the members of the Industrial Conference, who were presented to the Queen by the Spanish Ministers. Her Majesty conversed with most of the delegates in their own language.—The Chamber of Deputies on Saturday passed a vote of censure on the Government for not preventing the recent disturbances at Valencia. The Senate approved the Report of the Committee ordering that General Daban shall be placed under arrest for two months.—The Industrial Conference in Madrid held its last sitting on the 14th, for the signature of the protocol. The Duke of Veragua, Minister of Public Works, congratulated the members of the Conference on the success of their labours.

The German Emperor paid a visit on April 11, at Wiesbaden, to the Empress of Austria, with whom he dined. He afterwards called out the garrison of the town, and held a review. Late in the evening he left for Berlin. On the 12th their Imperial Majesties and all the Princes and Princesses now in Berlin, together with Sir Edward Malet and the *élite* of Berlin society, called at the Palace of the Empress Frederick to congratulate Princess Victoria on her birthday. The Empress Frederick, accompanied by Princesses Victoria and Margaret, left Berlin on the 14th for Homburg. Her Majesty and her daughters were escorted to the station by the Emperor William.—General Von Caprivi made his first speech as Chancellor in the Prussian Diet on the 15th, and, on account of its moderate and practical tone, it created a decidedly favourable impression.

Easter was celebrated at St. Petersburg at midnight on April 12 by a solemn service in all the churches, and by religious processions through the city. The whole Court attended the service at the cathedral of the Winter Palace.

By order of the United States Congress President Harrison has made a valuable present to an old man of ninety years, named Francis. Forty years ago Francis, by means of an invention of his, saved the lives of two hundred persons from the wreck of a British vessel. His achievement was honoured by many nations at the time. The United States have now given him a gold medal which weighs three pounds.

The five Republics of Central America have resolved upon uniting so as to form one nation, under a President to be nominated annually by each State, a Cabinet of five members, and a Diet of fifteen, in the election of whom each State will bear an equal part.

The Legislative Council of Natal was opened on April 10 at Pietermaritzburg by Sir Charles Mitchell, the Governor.

Lord Reay handed over the Government of Bombay to Lord Harris on April 12, and left India. His embarkation was made the scene of a farewell demonstration by the native community.

The Emperor of China and the Empress and the Dowager-Empress have returned to Peking from their visit to the Eastern Mausolea.

Mr. D. E. Norton, of Keble College, Oxford, and assistant master at Brighton College, has been appointed head master of the King's School, Bruton.

The Board of Trade have awarded binocular glasses to Mr. G. Belbeoch and Mr. G. Fèchant, masters respectively of the French fishing-smacks *Ave Maria* and *Formidable*, of Douarnenez, in recognition of their kindness and humanity to the shipwrecked crew of the steam-ship *Excelsior*, of Cardiff, whom they rescued in the Bay of Biscay on Jan. 4.

At a meeting of the Royal Geographical Society on April 14 the President announced that the gold medals had been awarded to Emin Pasha and Lieutenant Younghusband. Other distinctions had been conferred upon Signor Sella, Mr. G. C. Hore, Mr. C. M. Woodford, Professor Davidson, and Dr. Junker. Dr. Hans Meyer read a paper describing his ascent of Kilimanjaro, the African mountain. It was announced that the next meeting of the society would be on May 5, when it was hoped that Mr. Stanley would be present.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

There are signs already of the decadence of the child-drama. Its departure will cause no very acute regret, except to those who utilise the talent of children for commercial purposes. The latest outcome of the well-known and deserved success of "Little Lord Fauntleroy" is a dramatised version by Mrs. Oscar Beringer of Mark Twain's pretty story "The Prince and the Pauper," but it proves more acceptable in the study than on the stage. Covered up within the boards of a book its historical untruth is not so glaring, and the difficulty of the "double" does not occur to those who accept without a murmur the details of Mark Twain's graceful romance. Once more we have proof of the old story that the books that look the most dramatic to the reader become the most undramatic to the spectator. As we read we can see in our mind's eye the clever little Pauper and the somewhat pragmatical Prince. We see them change. Our mind is, so to speak, in two places at once. Our imagination experiences no difficulty. We do not question the truth of it all, fairy story or not. But when it becomes necessary for stage purposes that the Prince and the Pauper must be represented by two children dissimilar in height, in voice, in manner, and in all main essentials, when it becomes necessary to give one child an obviously false nose in order to strain after a facial resemblance to the other, and when the children, who are, in reality, not a bit like one another, are continually changing and interchanging between Prince and Pauper, Pauper and Prince, then the first element of dramatic representation—simplicity—is threatened with extinction. Of course, Mrs. Oscar Beringer foresaw all this, and very loyally preferred to spoil her play than to interfere with the author's design or his book. But was this wise? No story or novel ever written would bear transplantation to the stage without considerable, if not vital, alteration. The system of the two arts is entirely dissimilar. There are very few experienced dramatic workmen who, if consulted about the feasibility of dramatising this popular tale, would not have said: "If you cannot do it without 'doubling,' for goodness' sake leave it alone."

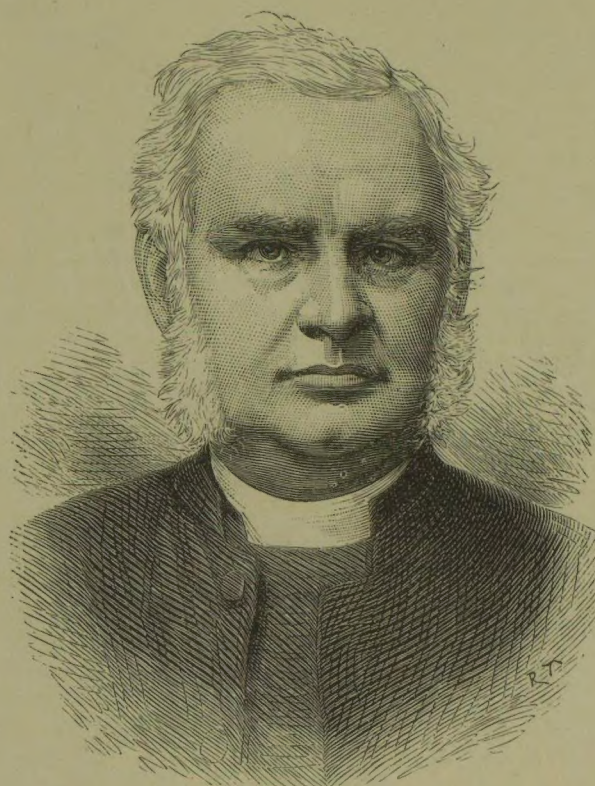
But, there! the thing is done, and there is little need to discuss it further. Having been done, the clever children—Miss Vera Beringer and Master Fisher—get out of the difficulty as well as they can. Of the marked intelligence of Miss Beringer there can be no dispute whatever. Her Prince and Pauper will probably not be so popular as her Little Lord Fauntleroy, for the very good reason that the story—on the stage—is not so interesting or alluring. But this clever girl has seldom done anything so good as the scene in the thieves' prison, when the honest soldier of fortune protects his protégé, and receives on his broad back the stripes destined for the innocent child. But if Miss Vera Beringer is ever to become, what her friends hope she will become, a valuable actress, now is the time for her to have a rest. She is no longer a child, and she should be allowed to "lie fallow" for a little time. She has not the voice or physique for passionate utterances, and her developed mind forces her into struggles which her physical strength will not as yet allow her to undertake. The mind and the body are at war. For the moment let the active brain give in to the body. The enormous advantage of this rest will be appreciated by-and-by. I shall be told that Kate and Ellen Terry, Mrs. Bancroft, Mrs. Kendal, and hundreds of others were child-actresses. So they were. But they disappeared from the stage for a valuable interval between childhood and womanhood. The advice given to the tutors of the little Prince Edward by his father, Bluff King Hal, should be taken by those who have so carefully and affectionately watched over the fortunes of the clever child-actress. Books about the stage should be shut up, and the active mind given a long rest.

Quite apart from the "doubling" difficulty and the falsity of history, Mrs. Beringer's drama is as well played as it has been prepared for the stage. Mr. Macklin, Mr. J. G. Taylor, and Miss Annie Irish are all excellent, and Mr. W. H. Vernon's King Henry is a surprisingly good performance, lifelike, vigorous, and consistently artistic. But, however much the new child's play may distress the critical mind, it will no doubt please the children who are home for the Easter holidays. There is certainly no offence in it, and no guardian of children need be in the least afraid that anything unpleasant will be told or even hinted on the stage during the recital of "The Prince and the Pauper."

Meanwhile Mr. Webling has been interviewed, and he has been pleased to give us his views about the duties of critics, their conservatism of taste, their old fogydom, and the influence of the stage child on the future of the modern drama. Mr. Webling, the father of the pretty and delightful child now acting in that most disagreeable play "Nixie," is pleased to advocate—as he has a perfect right to do—the employment of children in plays dealing with subjects with which children who are innocent are happily unfamiliar. He says: "It is only a certain class of old-fashioned folk who are rapidly being fossilised or asphyxiated with their own atmosphere [whatever that may mean] who object to see a child on the stage!" How ingeniously Mr. Webling begs the question! The objection is not to seeing children on the stage, but to seeing them as integral parts of the drama of the divorce court, and lending their purity to the development of stories which may be excellent in themselves, but not exactly the kind of food that we should willingly put before children. Turtle soup may be very nutritious to men and women, but it would be somewhat too heavy and exciting for a child's stomach. Mr. Webling, like so many more who have a bad case to defend, turns round and abuses the opposing counsel. He ridicules the critics who object to seeing stage children being the intermediaries between their stage mothers and stage lovers, who tell their stage fathers that when Mr. So-and-So calls they are always sent out of the room, and who qualify for witnesses in divorce court scandals—as old fogies who are sick and tired of everything, and who hate any departure from the things to which they have been accustomed! Nay, he goes further, and has the assurance to declare that "Nixie" is run down because those who write about it "could not enter into the real spirit of the work."

Now, if the "new departure" of the modern drama is to advocate the presence of children to witness such plays as these, I for one most vigorously protest against it in the interests of innocence and purity. I certainly do not confess to being sick and tired of everything, but I honestly own that I should not willingly interest any children of my acquaintance in the romance of Kitty, who runs away with a married man from a Brussels boarding-school, and who continues her "amours," with the scoundrel who would have deliberately ruined her, after Kitty is married and is the mother of innocent and delightful Nixie. I am not so foolish as to say that such stories are not true. Unfortunately, they are too true. But what I maintain is that they are not "spoon meat" for children. I am certain that if Mrs. Burnett saw her play on the stage, and watched how it came out in action, she would say the same. It is one thing to conceive a story in absolute innocence of the effect it may have on the spectator, another thing to see it acted. For my own part, I have a profound admiration and appreciation of Mrs. Burnett and her

delightful talent. Her "Little Lord Fauntleroy" is one of the most delightful children's stories I have ever read: on the stage, it is one of the prettiest plays I have ever seen. It is on this very account that my astonishment is the greater when "Nixie," with its gruesome detail, is put forward to attract and interest the same innocent audience of children that delighted in "Little Lord Fauntleroy." The advocates of the "new departure" of the drama and the



THE LATE RIGHT REV. EDWARD PARRY, D.D.,
BISHOP SUFFRAGAN OF DOVER.
SEE "OBITUARY" NOTICES.

opponents of old fogydom, that loves to keep children pure and innocent, would probably see no harm in the study by infants of the law reports and divorce court proceedings in the daily newspapers. They would say, "Let them know everything, and the sooner the better." But I would say, "God forbid!" On the very same principle of preserving the innocence of childhood, I would keep the ears of children free from Miss Kitty's adventures with the rake at her boarding-school, and from the undesirable discussions between Mr. Bellasis and Miss Nixie's mamma. If this is to be an "old fogy," I hope I shall remain one as long as my time lasts. The one thing of which I confess I am sick is the modern hurry to make the stage a platform for the discussion of curious social problems and the latest "departure," which can see no harm when children are invited on the platform with ears open and notebook in hand. I don't object to grown-up men and women going to see "A Doll's House" or even "Ghosts," if they care to do so; but the objection is when these "new departures" are sprung upon an



THE LATE MARQUIS TSENG,
FORMERLY CHINESE AMBASSADOR IN LONDON.

innocent public that has faith in managerial conservatism—i.e. respect for the prejudices of the majority. I can quite understand a father of innocent girls being very angry if he strayed into a playhouse with them and found Dr. Rank discussing silk stockings and hereditary disease with Ibsen's Nora, and I can equally understand a mother of children being very much annoyed if, hoping to find another Lord Fauntleroy, she heard Nixie, a child of eight, discussing her mother's lover, Mr. Bellasis, with her own father! It is all a question of taste. Mr. Webling has the courage of his opinions: let him allow me to have the courage of mine—although, as he very civilly puts it, "It does not really matter what the critics say."—C. S.

RIOTS IN VIENNA.

Serious disturbances took place in Vienna, on April 8, in connection with a mass meeting of the men on strike in the Schmelz suburb, joined by others making holiday, on the Parade Ground. The police, who dispersed the meeting, were stoned by the mob, and many arrests were made. In the evening, another meeting, attended by eight thousand men, was held in the suburb of Neu-Lerchenfeld, which adjoins Schmelz. The proceedings, which were of a disorderly character, ended in a serious riot. The mob, after attacking and demolishing the guard-room of the police and wounding the official on duty, went to a spirit-shop, which they plundered and set on fire. They next proceeded to plunder a number of Jewish shops. As the police were powerless to quell the riot, the troops were called out. The people, however, still refused to disperse, and the soldiers were ordered to fire several volleys with blank cartridge. Two squadrons of cavalry and a battalion of infantry appeared on the scene about eight o'clock and dispersed the rioters. Thirty-seven arrests were made by the police, some of whom were injured by stones. Many civilians were also wounded.

H.M.S. THRUSH.

An Admiralty order has been issued directing the new composite gun-vessel Thrush, 805 tons burthen, 1200-horse power, carrying six guns, attached to the First Division of the Medway Steam Reserve, to be prepared in Chatham Dockyard for commission by Lieutenant Prince George of Wales, for service on the North American and West Indies station. The Thrush is to take the place of the second-class gun-boat Forward, Commander Scott W. H. Gray, which is to return to England to be put out of commission. It is understood that the Thrush is to be commissioned at Chatham Dockyard so that the Prince may have the benefit of the experience of Captain H. F. Stephenson, C.B., who is Equerry to the Prince of Wales, and is in command of the Medway steam reserve.

A RIDE ACROSS SIBERIA AND RUSSIA.

A young Russian officer, Lieutenant Dimitri Pechkoff, of the Amour Regiment of Cossacks, is accomplishing a solitary ride on horseback, using one horse, from one of the easterly provinces of the vast Asiatic Empire of Russia to St. Petersburg, crossing Siberia in the middle of winter. He is a native of Albazine, a Cossack village or military colony on the Amour River. Having got leave of absence, he started on Nov. 19 from Blagovetschensk, a town on that river which appears in the map, about 128 deg. East longitude and 50 deg. North latitude, on the Chinese frontier, and reached Omsk, on the Irtysh, the capital of West Siberia, on March 11, having lost twenty-six days by various detentions, including an illness, an attack of influenza, which laid him up during fourteen days at Irkutsk. We have received a letter from Omsk, dated March 17, from M. Leon Boullenger, Professor of the Government College of Military Cadets there, who furnishes us with several photographs of Lieutenant Dimitri Pechkoff on horseback, after a severe snowstorm, on March 13, at nine o'clock in the morning. He had, of course, before experienced a great deal of much fiercer weather, tempests of wind and snow, and the most intense cold, down to 35 deg. of Réaumur's thermometer, but was then in very good health, and so was his horse. Eight stoppages, of more or less duration, had been made in the distance which he had then traversed, which was 4905 versts, equivalent to 5232 kilometres, or nearly 3247 British miles. The average day's journey, when actually on the road, was about thirty-six miles, but forty or fifty miles were done sometimes. The horse is a small, hardy, wiry animal, which we should call a pony, and will eat snow, for many days together, instead of drinking water, its taste being so delicate that it cannot endure any water not quite fresh and pure. Lieutenant Pechkoff never fails to attend himself to the comfort of his steed—rubbing it down, feeding it, and making its bed. The weight carried is that of the rider, with a portmanteau behind the saddle, altogether 191 lb.; the portmanteau containing only a change of linen and some apparatus for mending clothes or harness. Lieutenant Pechkoff is armed with a sabre, a revolver, and a dirk. There are Government post-houses, or inns, all along the high-road in Siberia. It was expected that this adventurous horseman would arrive at St. Petersburg early in May.

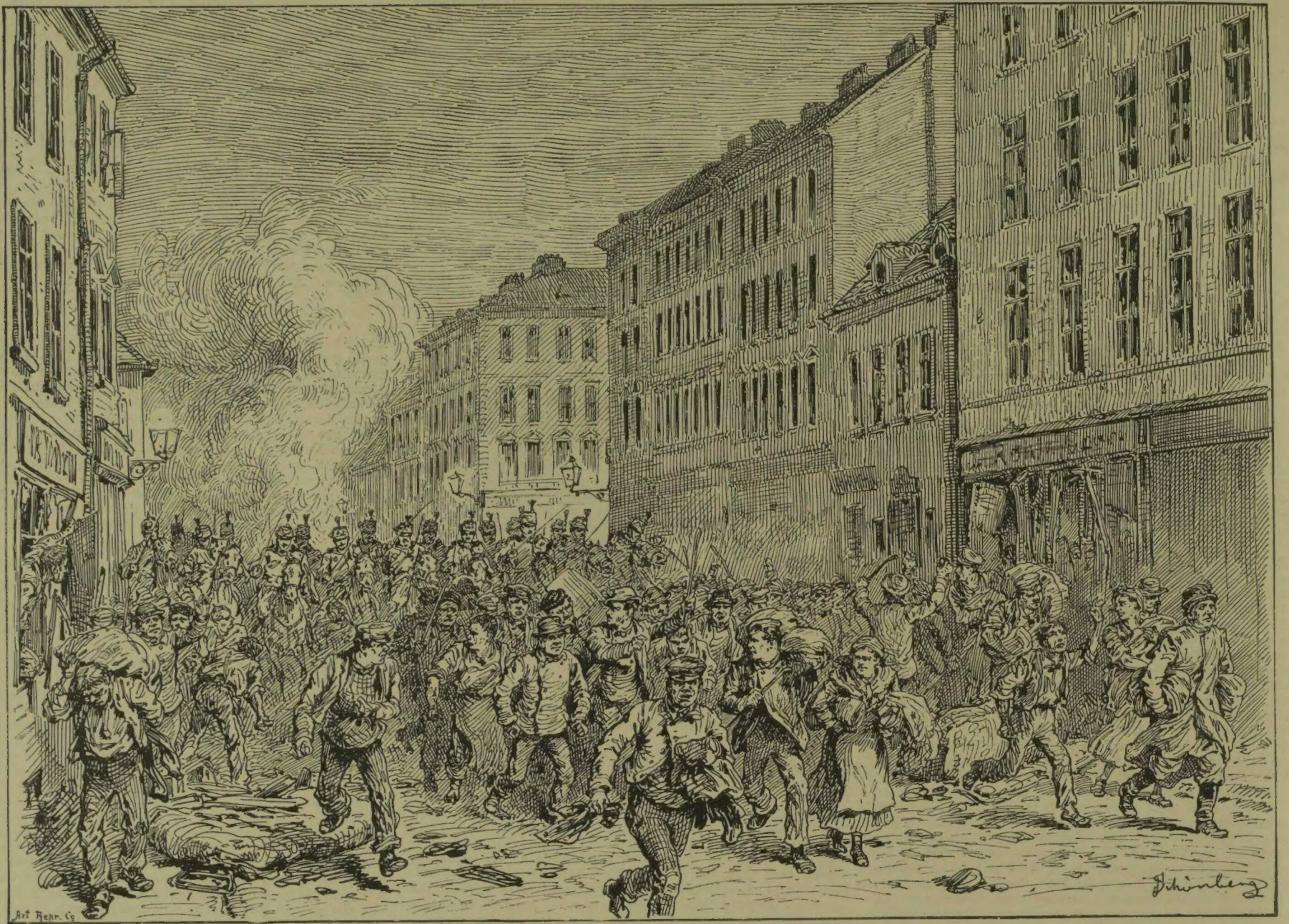
THE LATE MARQUIS TSENG.

This eminent Chinese statesman and diplomatist, whose death at Peking has recently been announced, was long resident in England and in other countries of Europe, as the able and successful Ambassador of that great Empire. His personal name was Tseng Chitse, and he was born in 1848, son of Tseng Kwo-fan, a distinguished and influential Minister, who received the title of "Hou," which is regarded as equivalent to "Marquis." After studying in the Imperial College, and entering the official service, he accompanied his father, as private secretary, in the campaigns and administrative journeys that ensued on the Tai-ping rebellion, but it was not until 1877 that he obtained the rank of Tang Kwan, or expectant Secretary of State. In 1878 he received his first high office—that of Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the Courts of England and France. He was acting in that capacity when Chung How was sent to St. Petersburg to settle the Kuldja difficulty by negotiation. The Chinese repudiated the Treaty of Livadia, and the Marquis Tseng was instructed to proceed to St. Petersburg as special Ambassador to obtain a more honourable and suitable settlement of the difficulty. His diplomacy was crowned with success, for the Treaty of St. Petersburg in 1881 restored Kuldja to China, and harmony to her relations with the neighbouring Empire of Russia. He showed equal ability in the long dispute with the French Government upon the Tonquin question. When the Marquis Tseng returned to China in 1886, after eight years' residence in Europe, he was made a Grand Secretary and President of the new Board of Admiralty, and during the last three years he has been regarded as one of the most important men in China, after the Viceroy Li-Hung-Chang.

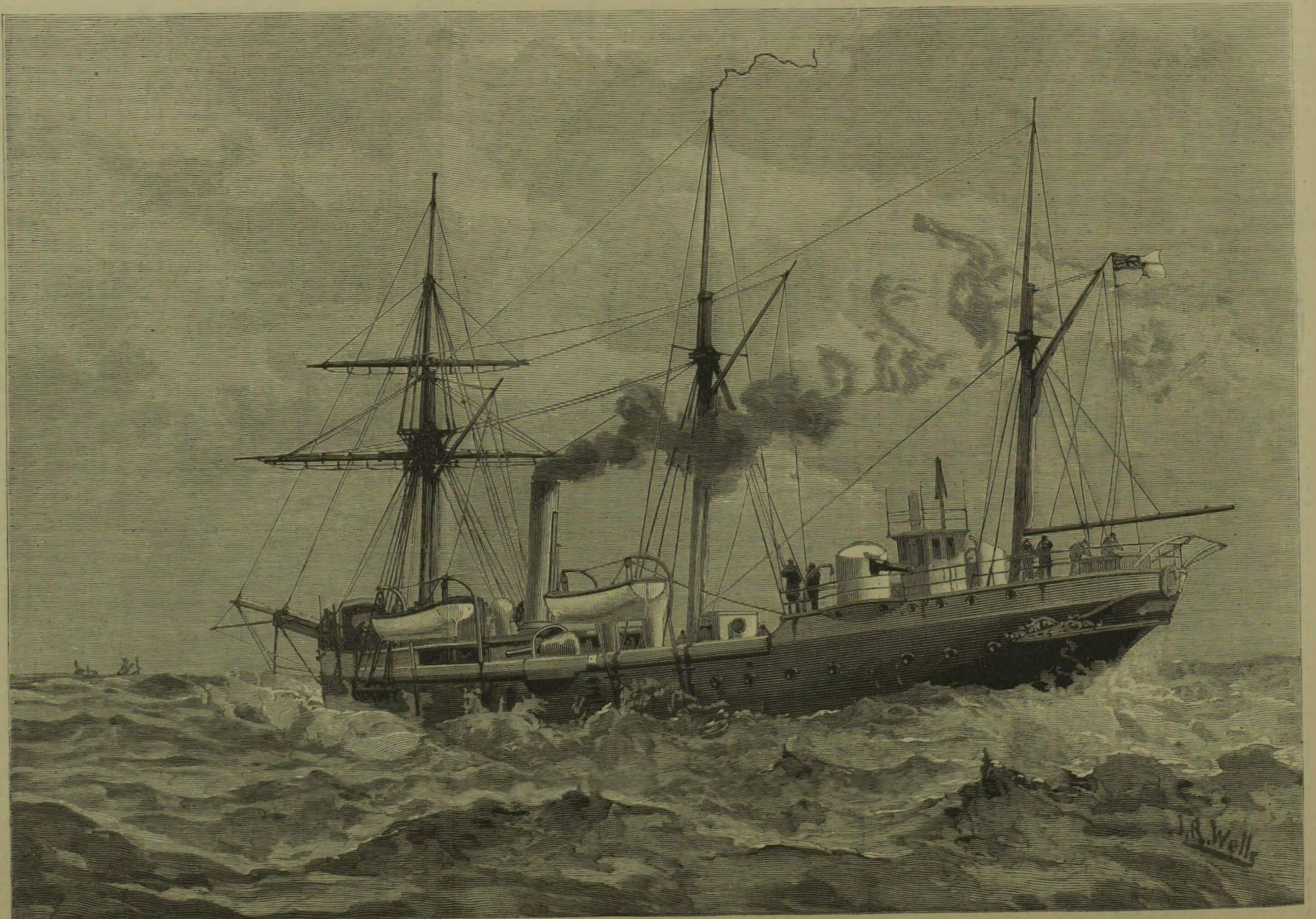
The portrait is from a photograph by Mr. G. R. Lavis, of Eastbourne.

The Lord Mayor has received £45, being a legacy of £50, less duty, left by the late Mr. James Forster, of Rutland Cottage, Brixton-hill, for the poor-box of the Mansion House. All the Metropolitan police-courts receive similar amounts under this bequest.

Bank Grove, near Kingston-on-Thames, in which the late Sir Charles Frazer was wont to entertain his friends, has become the Albany Club, the formal opening of which was recently celebrated. The aim of the undertaking is to provide a select riverain resort for members and their wives, daughters, and sisters. The house has been furnished luxuriously by Messrs. Oetzmann; the lawns have been levelled for tennis; and the first election of members has been satisfactorily concluded.



THE RIOTS IN VIENNA: HUSSARS CHASING MOB IN THE LERCHENFELDER-STRASSE.



H.M.S. THRUSH, NEW GUN-VESSEL, TO BE COMMANDED BY PRINCE GEORGE OF WALES, LIEUTENANT R.N.



LIEUTENANT DIMITRI PECHKOFF, RIDING FROM EASTERN SIBERIA TO ST. PETERSBURG ON HORSEBACK.

THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF CONNAUGHT.

Their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, who left India on March 12, proceeding from Bombay to Colombo in order to take the steamer to Hong-Kong, were received in Ceylon with cordial demonstrations of welcome and of public regard. On March 19 they went up to Kandy, and inspected the scenes and objects of interest. They

returned to Colombo in the afternoon, and held a reception at Queen's House. At midnight the Royal party re-embarked on their voyage to China, the harbour and breakwater being brilliantly illuminated in honour of the Duke and Duchess. The scene is represented in one of our Illustrations, from a Sketch by Mr. W. Wright Beling, of the Survey Department. The breakwater was one long line of flaming torches, borne by 4000 coolies; the lighting up of the wharves, extending

a mile and a quarter, the landing-stage, and the vessels, including the Kaiser-i-Hind (the Peninsular and Oriental Company's steam-ship), the Canton, a cargo steam-boat, and the Board of Trade steamer Ceylon, added to the splendid effect. The illuminations were under the direction of the Hon. G. S. Williams, principal Collector of Customs, Mr. F. R. Ellis, and others, assisted by the Wharf and Warehouse Company of Colombo.



THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF CONNAUGHT AT CEYLON: ILLUMINATION OF THE HARBOUR.

THE SILENT MEMBER.

When the delicate verdure of early Spring renders the country so inviting, there is some excuse for not ending the Easter holidays vouchsafed to legislators at the prescribed dates. Small wonder was it that, with the revivifying charms of Nature to hold him spellbound at Tring, Mr. Gladstone did not hurry back from Mr. Cyril Flower's to St. James's-square, but tarried to the Tuesday after Easter week. Nor was it surprising that the Marquis of Salisbury, exhilarated and strengthened by the balmy air and bright sunshine of the Riviera, prolonged his pleasant stay in the South of France.

Mr. Smith, resuming the business of the Session with punctuality and dispatch on the Fourteenth of April, had to face a beggarly array of empty benches, but proved a host in himself. There's nothing Mr. Smith likes better than being in harness. Hard work braces him to fresh exertions. The First Lord of the Treasury now leads the House admirably. So far from there being any foundation for recent reports as to Mr. Smith's desire to seek rest and repose in "another place," I believe it is a fact that the right hon. gentleman has intimated his intention to stand again for the Strand Division at the General Election—when it comes. This may be sooner than is expected.

It is an "open secret" that Mr. Goschen, anxious that the Government should reap a direct benefit from his "Surplus Budget," favours an appeal to the country this year. The Ministry undoubtedly have a tower of strength in their brilliant and trusted Chancellor of the Exchequer, whose accession to power signally eclipsed Lord Randolph Churchill, and palpably lessened the political influence of the noble Lord so considerably that he has ever since his sudden resignation figuratively taken a "back seat" in the Commons. But, though disappointed by this consummately adroit filling of the void created by himself, there are not wanting signs of the times to show that Lord Randolph Churchill may return to power on the next popular wave.

What of the Home Secretary? Well, ruddy as ever, Mr. Henry Matthews appeared to be not in the least perturbed by the journalistic anathemas launched at his head for respiting the capital sentence on the younger of the brothers Davies, convicted of the murder of their father near Crewe, and for allowing the law to take its course with regard to Richard Davies. Replying to Mr. Pickersgill and Mr. T. P. O'Connor, Mr. Matthews maintained that it was a "cruel and deliberate murder"; that Richard Davies, at "an age approaching manhood," had "initiated the plot, and took the principal part in its execution"; and added that he (the Home Secretary) "had the advice and concurrence of the learned Judge in extending mercy to George, and to him alone."

Mr. Labouchere, Mr. Buchanan, and Mr. W. Redmond were among the most assiduous critics of the Civil Service Estimates in Committee of Supply; but Sir James Fergusson, calm and clear, as an Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs should be, had no difficulty in maintaining his own, and in securing a variety of votes for the diplomatic and consular services.

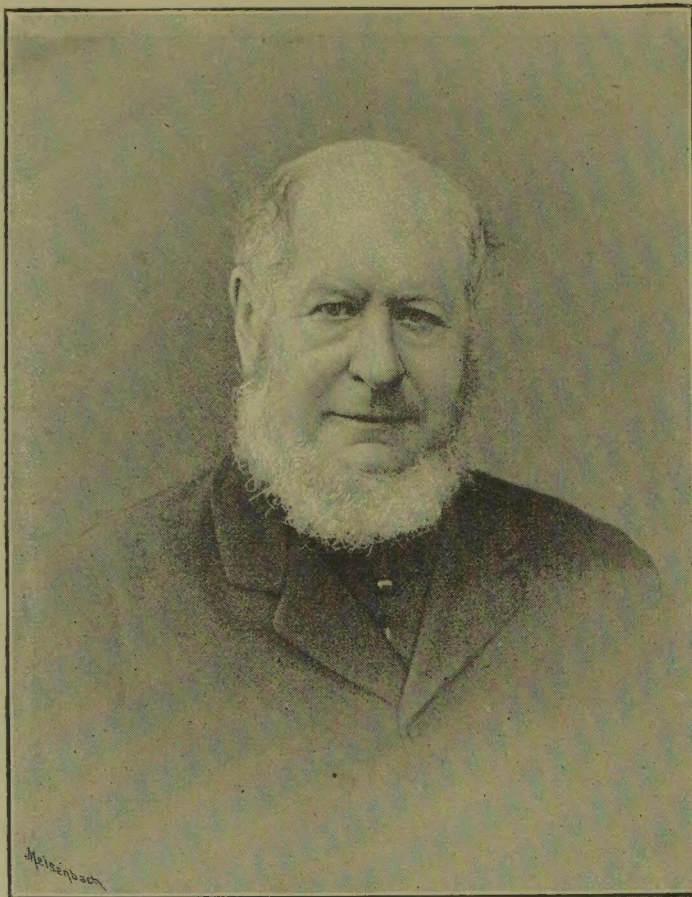
Sir James Fergusson, it may be remarked, responding to the pertinent queries of Commander Bethell, put with commendable plainness, dexterously reassured the House with regard to Emin Pasha's acceptance of a German command in Africa. Unsolicited, the German Government had informed the Foreign Office that "the expedition under Emin Pasha was designed entirely to operate within the German sphere, and not at all to prejudice interests, inasmuch as they fully recognised the demarcation which had taken place, and which reserved to each Power a sphere of influence." In short, the two Powers are in perfect accord. Another satisfactory statement on the part of Sir J. Fergusson was that her Majesty's Government had been assured that Portugal would not sanction any transaction in East Africa calculated to prejudice the negotiations between England and Portugal. Comparatively empty though the House was, it was quite a field-night for Sir James Fergusson, who from first to last comported himself bravely and calmly against the incisive assaults of Mr. Labouchere and his coadjutors.

Carnarvon's choice of Mr. George, the Home Rule candidate, by a majority of eighteen over Mr. Nannev, was an Opposition success that may have given Ministerialists some slight cause for despondency. For this reason, all the more cordial, mayhap, were the Ministerial cheers that greeted Mr. R. T. Barry, the new Unionist member for Windsor, when he took his seat, on the Fifteenth of April. When this chorus of "Hear, hear!" had subsided, Mr. Smith found no difficulty in obtaining a fresh triumph over Mr. Labouchere with regard to the mode of conducting the business of the Session. A good round majority of ninety-two sanctioned the motion of the Leader of the House that the Reports of the Committees of Supply and Ways and Means may be entered upon at any hour. In the teeth of Mr. John Morley's strong protest, Mr. Smith was backed by a majority of 82 when the House came to vote on his next motion, that the Government should for the rest of the Session have Tuesday and Friday mornings for Ministerial business.

Earl Compton's resolution in favour of the better payment of Government telegraph clerks (seconded by Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild) was manifestly seasonable by the admissions of Mr. Raikes, who aptly promised that their grievances should be seen to. As for Lord Bury's suggestion on a cognate subject, which has called forth an interesting correspondence in the *Times*, as to which would be the most expressive new word to signify electrical progression, why not coin the verb "to tric"? To "tric" in a noiseless and smokeless electric-launch along the lovely sylvan reaches of the Upper Thames is one of the most delightful of experiences.

"New Tipperary," the name given to the mart and cottages which have been erected for the accommodation of the tenants evicted by Mr. Smith Barry, was formally opened on April 12 by Mr. William O'Brien, M.P., who was accompanied by a number of English visitors and several members of the Irish Parliamentary Party.

A beautifully painted window has been inserted in the parish church of St. Nicholas, Newbury, with an inscription recording the fact of the consecration of Dr. Leslie Randall as Bishop Suffragan of Reading in Westminster Abbey. Dr. Randall was for many years Rector of Newbury, and took a leading part in the restoration of the fine old parish church, at a cost of £10,000.—A stained-glass window, erected in the Lady



THE LATE MARQUIS OF NORMANBY.
SEE "OBITUARY" NOTICES.

Chapel of Chichester Cathedral as a memorial to the late Dean Burgon, was unveiled on April 13. An address upon Dr. Burgon's career at Oxford and Chichester was delivered by the Rev. Prebendary Cowley Powles, an old college friend of the late Dean. The Duke of Richmond and Gordon and the Bishop of Chichester were among those present. The subject of the window is "The Flight into Egypt."

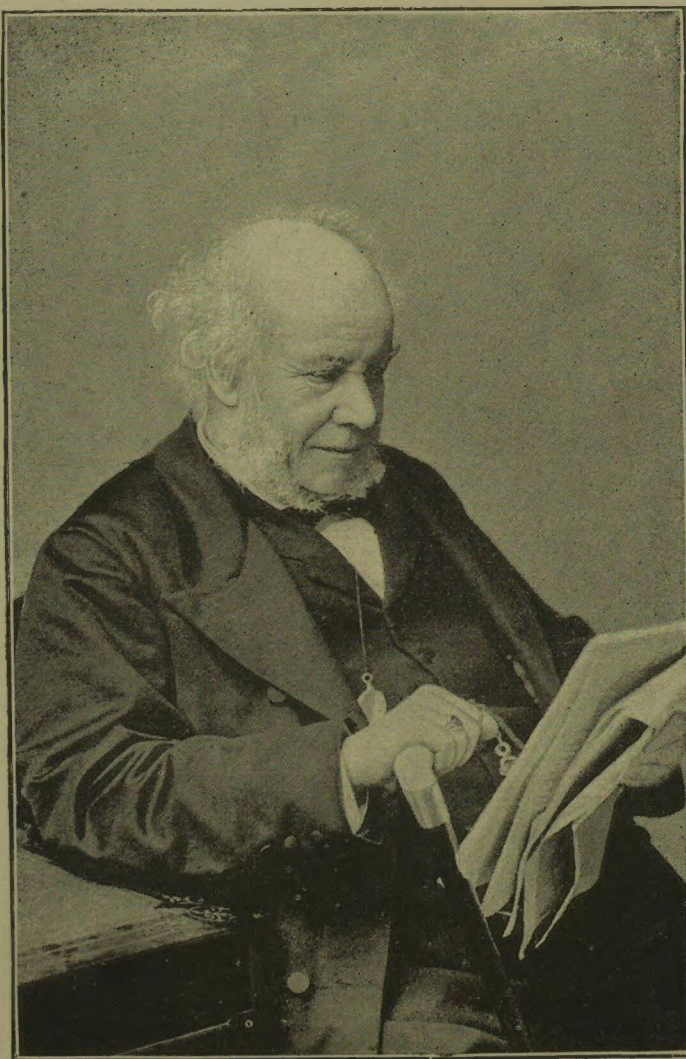
Our Portrait of the late Marquis of Normanby is from a photograph by Mr. Walery, 164, Regent-street; and that of the late Bishop Parry, from one by Messrs. Russell and Sons, 17, Baker-street.

The Kennel Club opened their thirty-fourth annual show of sporting and other dogs at the Agricultural Hall, Islington, on April 15, and continued it for the next three days. There were more than twelve hundred entries.

The Duchess of Teck, who was accompanied by her daughter, Princess Victoria Mary, opened the Daffodil Exhibition and Conference, on April 15, at the Royal Horticultural Gardens, Chiswick.

The Duke of Cambridge presided, on April 15, at the annual meeting of the Royal School for Daughters of Officers in the Army. Everything was satisfactory in the report, except the return of revenue, which showed a deficit of £602, through the decline of subscriptions.

Mr. Arthur Lewis has been appointed to the Recordership of the Borough of Carmarthen, rendered vacant by the resignation of Mr. B. Francis Williams, Q.C., on the latter's appointment to the Recordership of Cardiff. Mr. Lewis is the only son of the Bishop of Llandaff.



THE LATE MR. EDWARD LLOYD,
PROPRIETOR OF THE "DAILY CHRONICLE" AND "LLOYD'S WEEKLY."

REGIMENTAL SPORTS IN INDIA.

Some novel features were introduced into the regimental sports of the 21st Hussars, which took place at Bangalore on March 14 and 15. One amusing innovation was the "Lloyd-Lindsay Skittles," a match in which officers competed. They had to ride over a given course, and to leap two hurdles; but midway between the hurdles a stand was placed, on which four bottles were hung, and it was the endeavour of the competitors, riding in teams of four, dismounting, as they do to fire for the Lloyd-Lindsay prize, to break the bottles by throwing stones, at a distance of six yards, as they went past. The "Band race" proved to be a complete success, the starter, who named the melody to be played, allowing the musicians (each of whom had to play a wind instrument) to play two clear bars before giving the signal for the start. Notwithstanding this advantageous commencement, the weak "tootle" of the piccolo was all that could be heard when the tape was reached. The "Grass-cutters' race," in which native women only were allowed to compete, was another event that seemed to be interesting. Each woman had to carry her daily load of 40 lb. of grass on her head, and the way in which they managed to balance their loads, while going at eight miles an hour, was matter for wonderment. The remainder of the Sketches may explain themselves. We have them from a soldier, Granville B. Baker, of the 21st Hussars. Bangalore, in the Mysore territory, 185 miles west of Madras, is one of the pleasantest military stations in India, with extensive cavalry barracks, in a healthy and agreeable climate. It is now under the command of Brigadier-General Bengough, C.B., who lately ordered that useful bit of rapid marching practice, a reconnaissance to Seringapatam, returning instantly to Bangalore, all done in four days, which has been noticed in our Journal. This operation was executed by Major Martin, with a party of the 21st Hussars; and Colonel Hickman, the commanding officer of the regiment, has been complimented on the efficiency of his troops.

A CORNISH FISHING VILLAGE.

On the south coast of Cornwall, between East Looe and Fowey, is the quaintly picturesque village of Polperro, the name of which, anciently Porthpyre, means "the sandy port." Its situation is romantic, in a rocky dell through which a turbulent stream from the moorlands splashes down to the sea. The little harbour will accommodate vessels of a hundred and fifty tons, and is furnished with a pier; but the community depends more on fishing than on any other trade. Pilchard-fishing, especially, in the summer months, is their favourite occupation. This fish, which somewhat resembles a small herring, but has larger scales and a more prominent dorsal fin, is almost confined to the Cornish shores. It has much the flavour of the sardine, and is, when cured, an article of large export to Spain and Portugal, and to Italy: its oil is also used in the manufacture of paint. The ordinary mode of fishing is by drift-nets, cast in the tideway at sunset, and left to drift with the tide during the night: these nets are half a mile long and 30 ft. deep, often catching an immense quantity. Our Artist's Sketches of the villagers at a busy time, landing fish from the boats, weighing them, putting them into baskets, selling and packing them, give an example of the importance of this local industry. There is also the mackerel fishery, in which a separate class of boats, fine sailing luggers, are employed. These small ports have, in old times, supplied many brave and skilful seamen to fight the naval battles of the nation. Sir Francis Drake's squadron of the fleet which defeated the Spanish Armada was partly manned by natives of this coast.

THE LATE MR. EDWARD LLOYD.

The founder and proprietor of *Lloyd's Weekly Newspaper* and of the *Daily Chronicle*, Mr. Edward Lloyd, died on April 8, at the age of seventy-five. He was a native of Thornton Heath, near Croydon, became a compositor at a printing-office in London, attended the London Mechanics' Institution, and invented a system of shorthand in his youth. Having started in business as a publisher, he first brought out *Lloyd's Weekly Miscellany* and *Lloyd's Weekly Atlas*, which sold largely, and were the precursors of the *Family Herald* and other popular periodicals depending mainly on fiction. The law at that time prohibited the publication of anything unstamped at intervals of less than thirty days. Mr. Lloyd therefore produced a cheap monthly budget of news, which sold well, but was stopped by the Stamp Office. In 1842 he issued a penny illustrated weekly paper, dealing largely with books, theatricals, and gossip, but keeping the news within such limits as not to infringe the law. On Nov. 27, 1842, *Lloyd's Weekly Newspaper* was published, duly stamped, at twopence. In September 1843 the office was set up at the north-west corner of Salisbury-square, and in April 1852 Douglas Jerrold became editor. Mr. Lloyd anticipated the removal of the paper duty by reducing the price of *Lloyd's* to a penny. The enterprise of Mr. Lloyd was further illustrated later in life, when he purchased the *Clerkenwell News*, a local journal, to transform it into an important newspaper, the *Daily Chronicle*. In addition to his newspaper enterprises, Mr. Lloyd established a large business as a paper-maker. Some years since he was elected a member of the Reform Club for services rendered to the Liberal Party.

The Portrait is from a photograph by Mr. T. Fall, Baker-street.

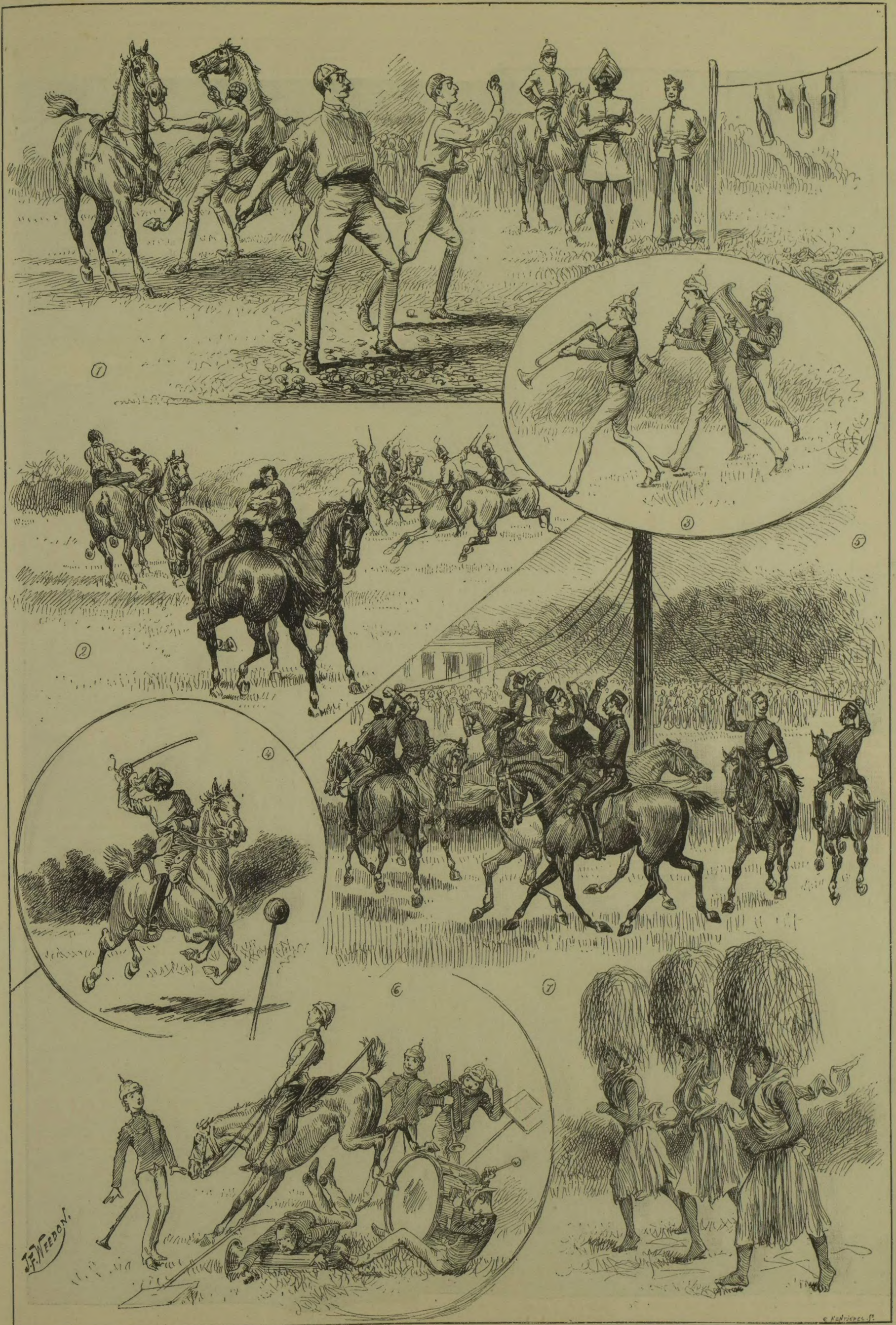
The French Exhibition at Earl's Court and West Brompton will be opened at 3 p.m. on May 10, by the Lord Mayor.

Mr. J. Passmore Edwards has presented a thousand books in all branches of literature to the library of the People's Palace.

The Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress gave the customary Easter dinner on April 14 to a distinguished company, numbering upwards of 250, in the Egyptian Hall. The Duke of Cambridge was the principal guest.

The coaching season has already commenced. Five coaches are now running out of London; the Eton and Hertford coaches will start on April 21, and the New Times will make its first journey to Guildford on the 22nd.

Sir Thomas Sabine Pasley and Lady Constance Hastings, eldest daughter of the late Earl of Huntingdon, and sister of the present Earl, were married in Eitah Church, King's County, on April 15. There was a large attendance of relatives and friends.



1. Lloyd-Lindsay Salt.

5. Round the Mast with Ropes on Horseback.

2. Wrestling on Horseback and Cockade Fight.

6. Horse getting out of hand, charging the Band.

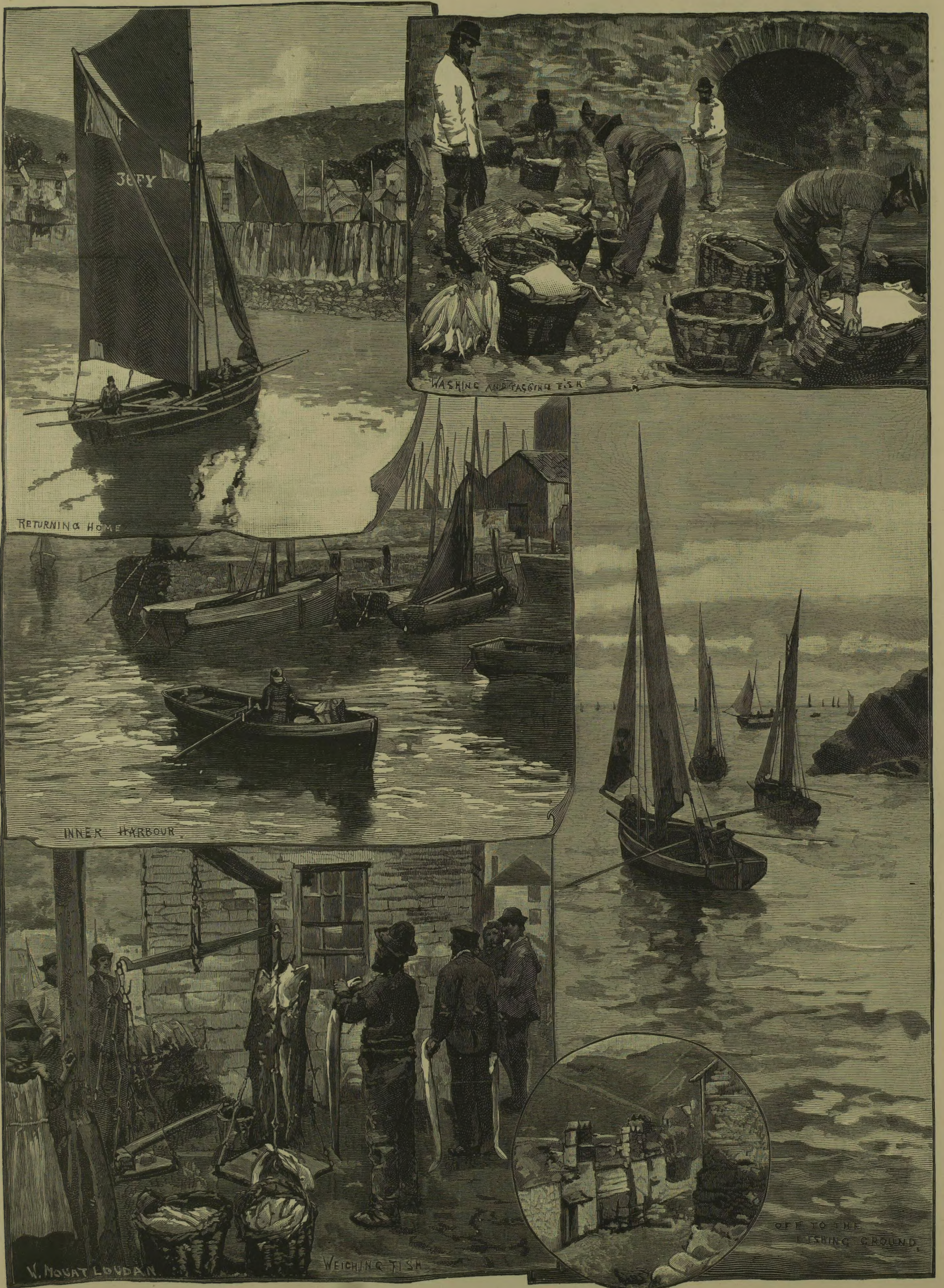
3. Band Race.

4. Madras Lancer.

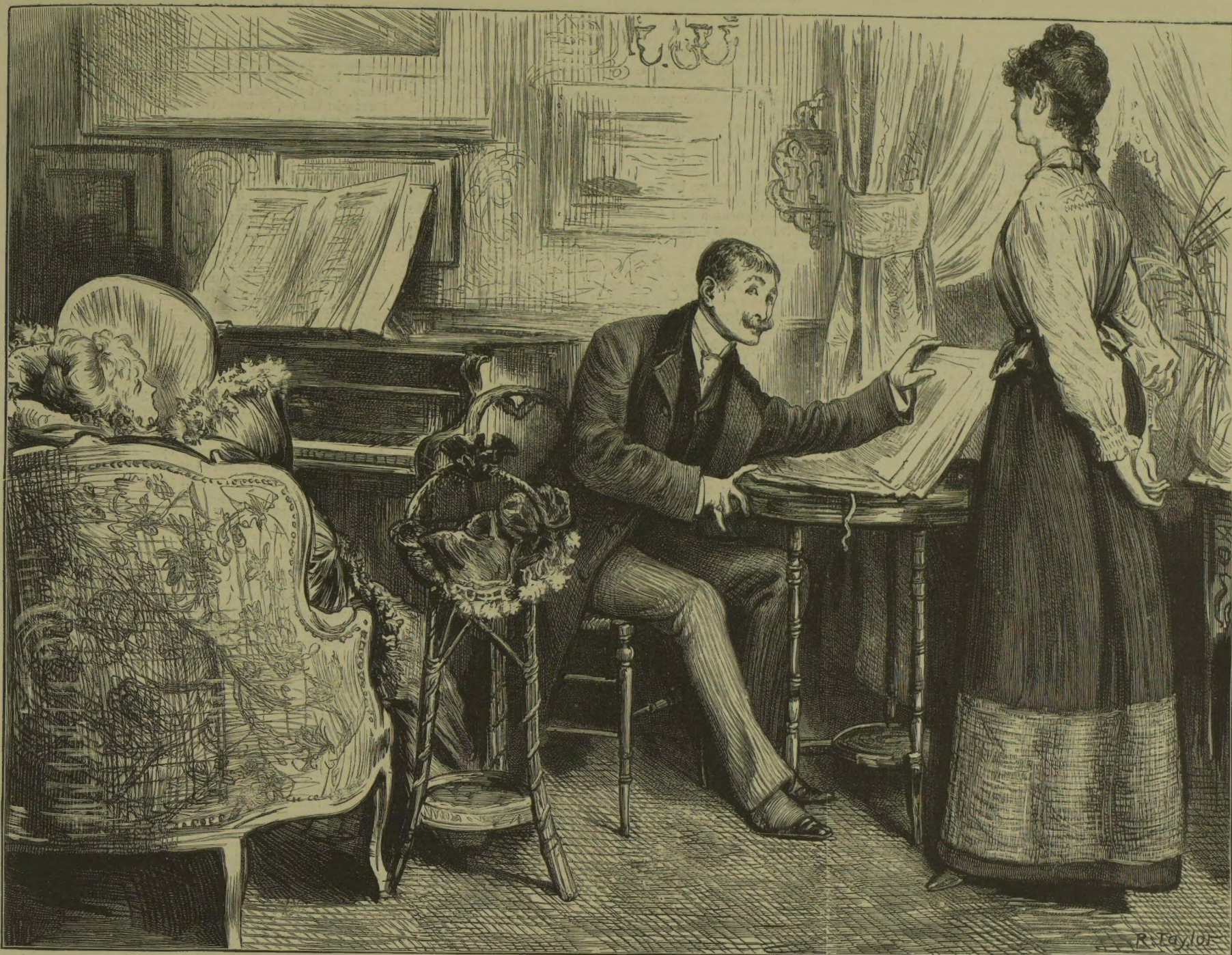
7. Female Grass-cutters' Race.

REGIMENTAL SPORTS OF 21ST HUSSARS AT BANGALORE, IN INDIA.

FROM SKETCHES BY GRANVILLE B. BAKER.



SKETCHES IN A CORNISH FISHING VILLAGE.



DRAWN BY FRED. BARNARD.

"The cleverest man in all London, according to everybody."

ARMOREL OF LYONESSE.

A ROMANCE OF TO-DAY.

BY WALTER BESANT.

PART II.—CHAPTER XI.

A CRITIC ON TRUTH.

ONE painter may make use of another man's sketches for his own pictures. The thing is conceivable, though one cannot recall, and there is no record of, any such case. It is, perhaps, possible. Portrait-painters have employed other men to paint backgrounds and even hands and drapery. Now, the two pictures hanging in Philippa's room were most certainly painted from Roland's sketches. If there were any room, for doubt the figure of Armorel herself in the foreground removed that doubt. Therefore, Roland must have lent his sketches to Mr. Feilding. What else did he lend? Can one man lend another his eye, his hand, his sense of colour, his touch, his style? There was once, I seem to have read, a man who sold his soul to the only Functionary who buys such things, and keeps a stock of them second-hand, on the condition that he should be able to paint as well as the immortal Raffaello. He obtained his wish, because the Devil always keeps his bargain to the letter, with the result that, instead of winning the imperishable wreath for himself that he expected, he was never known at all, and his pictures are now sold as those of the master whose works they so miraculously resemble. Armorel had perhaps heard this story somewhere. Could the cleverest man in all London have made a similar transaction, taking Roland Lee for his model? If so, the Devil had not cheated him at all, and he got out of the bargain all he expected, because he not only painted quite as well as his master, and in exactly the same style, so that it was impossible to distinguish between them, but, which the other unfortunate did not get, all the credit was given to him, while the original model or master languished in obscurity.

It was obvious to a trained eye, at very first sight, that the style of the pictures was that of Roland Lee. He had a style of his own. The first mark of genius in any art is individuality. His style was no more to be imitated in painting than the style of Robert Browning can be followed in poetry. Painters there are who have been imitated and have created a school of imitators: even these can always be distinguished from their copyists. The subtle touch of the master, the personal presence of his hand, cannot be copied or imitated. In these two pictures the hand of Roland was clearly, unmistakably visible. The light thrown over them, the atmosphere with which they were charged—everything was his. He had caught the September sunshine as it lies over and enfolds the Scilly Islands—who should know that soft and golden light better than Armorel?—he had caught the transparencies of the seas, the shining

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yellow of the seaweed, the browns and purples of bramble and fern, the greyness and the blackness of the rock: you could hear the rush of the water eddying among the boulders; you could see the rapid movement of the seagulls' wings as they swept along with the wind. Could another, even with the original sketches lying before him, even with skill and feeling of his own, reproduce these things in Roland's own individual style?

"No," she cried, but not aloud; "I know these pictures. They are not his at all. They are Roland's."

Every line of thought that she followed—to write these down would be to produce another "Ring and Book"—in her troubled meditations after the discovery led her to the same conclusion. It was that at which she had arrived in a single moment of time, without argument or reasoning, and at the very first sight of the pictures. The first thought is always right. "They are Roland's pictures"—that was the first thought. The second thought brings along the doubts, suggests objections, endeavours to be judicial, deprecates haste, and calls for the scales. "They cannot," said the second thought, "be Roland's paintings, because Mr. Feilding says they are his." The third thought, which is the first strengthened by evidence, declared emphatically that they were Roland's; whatever Mr. Feilding might say, and could be the work of none other.

Therefore, the cleverest man in all London, according to everybody, the best and most generous and most honourable, according to Armorel's companion, was an impostor and a liar. Never before had she ever heard of such a liar.

Armorel, it is true, knew but little of the crooked paths by which many men perform this earthly pilgrimage from the world which is to the world which is to come. Children born on Samson—nay, even those also of St. Mary's—have few opportunities of observing these ways. That is why all Scillonians are perfectly honest: they do not know how to cheat—even those who might wish to become dishonest, if they knew. In her five years' apprenticeship the tree of knowledge had dropped some of its baleful fruit at Armorel's feet: that cannot be avoided even in a convent garden. Yet she had not eaten largely of the fruit, nor with the voracity that distinguishes many young people of both sexes when they get hold of these apples. In other words, she only knew of craft and falsehood in general terms, as they are set forth in the Gospels and by the Apostles, and especially in the Book of Revelations, which expressly states the portion of liars. Yet, even with this slight foundation to build upon, Armorel was well aware that here was a fraud of a most monstrous character. Surely, there never was, before this man, any man in the world who dared to present to the world another man's paintings, and to call them his own?

Men and women have claimed books which they never wrote—witness the leading case of the false George Eliot and the story told by Anthony Trollope; men have pretended to be well-known writers—did I not myself once meet a man in a hotel pretending to be one of our most genial of story-tellers? Men have written things and pretended that they were the work of famous hands. Literature—alas!—hath many impostors. But in Art the record is clean. There are a few ghosts, to be sure, here and there—sporadic spectres!—but they are obscure and mostly unknown. Armorel had never heard or seen any of them. Surely there never before was any man like unto this man!

And, apart from the colossal impudence of the thing, she began to consider the profound difficulties in carrying it out. Because, you see, no one man, unaided, could carry it through. It requires the consent, the silence, and the active—nay, the zealous—co-operation of another man. And how are you to get that man?

In order to get this other man—this active and zealous fellow-conspirator—you must find means to persuade him to sacrifice every single thing that men care for—honour, reputation, success. He must be satisfied to pursue Art, actually and literally, for Art's own sake. This is, I know, a rule of conduct preached by every art-critic, every aesthete, every lecturer or writer on Art. Yet observe what it may lead to. Was there, for instance, an unknown genius who gave his work to Giotto, with permission to call it his own? And was that obscure genius content to sit and watch that work in the crowd, unseen and unsuspected, while he murmured praises and thanksgiving for the skill of hand and eye which had been given to him, but claimed by that other young man, Messer Giotto? Did Turner have his ghost? Sublime sacrifice of self! So to pursue Art for Art's sake as to give your pictures to another man by which he may rise to honour—even, it may be, to the Presidency of the Royal Academy, contented only with the consciousness of good and sincere work, and with the possession of mastery! It is beyond us: we cannot achieve this greatness—we cannot rise to this devotion. Art hath no such votaries. By what persuasions, then—by what bribes—was Roland induced to consent to his own suicide—ignoble, secret, and shameful suicide?

He must have consented; in no other way could the thing be done. He must have agreed to efface himself—but not out of pure devotion to Art. Not so. The Roland of the past survived still. The burning desire for distinction and recognition still flamed in his soul. The bitterness and shame with which he spoke of himself proved that his consent had been wrung from him. He was ashamed. Why? Because another

bore the honours that should be his. Because he was a bondman of the impostor. Of this Armored was certain. Roland Lee—the man whom for five long years she had imagined to be marching from triumph to triumph—conqueror of the world—had sold himself—for what consideration she knew not—hand and eye, genius and brain, heart and soul—had sold himself into slavery. He had consented to a monstrous and most impudent fraud! And the man who stood before the canvas in public, writing his name in the corner, was—the noun appellative, the proper noun—belonging to such an act. And her own friend—her gallant hero of Art—what else was he in this conspiracy of two? You cannot persuade a woman—such is the poverty of the feminine imagination—to call a thing like this by any other name than its plain, simple, and natural one. A man may explain away, find excuses, make suggestions, point out extenuating circumstances, show how the force of events destroys free will, and propose a surplice and a golden crown for the unfortunate victim of fate, instead of bare shoulders and the nine-clawed cat. But a woman—never. If the thing done is a Lie, the man who did it is a—

"Armored," said her companion—it was in the afternoon, and she had been dozing after her lunch—"what is the matter? You have been sitting in the window, which has a detestable view of a dismal street, for two long hours without talking. At lunch you sat as if in a dream. Are you ill? Has anything happened? Has the respectable Mr. Jagenal robbed you of your money? Has Philippa been saying amiable things about me?"

"I have found out something which has disquieted me beyond expression," said Armored, gravely.

Zoe changed colour. "Heavens!"—she laughed curiously. "What has come out now? Anything about me? One never knows what may come out next. It is very odd what a lot of things may be said about everybody."

"My discovery has nothing to do with you, at least—no, nothing at all."

"That is reassuring." It certainly was, as everybody knows who does not wish the curtain to draw up once again on the earlier and half-forgotten scenes of the play. "Perhaps it might relieve you, dear, if you were to tell me. But do not think I am curious. Besides, I dare say I could tell you more than you could tell me. Is it about Philippa's hopeless attachment for the man who will never marry her, and her cruelty to the reverend gentleman who will?"

"No—no: it is nothing about Philippa. I know nothing about any attachments."

"Well, you will tell me when you please." Zoe relapsed into warmth and silence. But she watched the girl from under her heavy eyelids. Something had happened—something serious. Armored pursued her meditations, but in a different line. She now remembered that the leader in this Fraud was the man whom Zoe professed to honour above all other living men: could she tell this disciple what she had discovered? One might as well inform Kadysha that her prophet Mohammed was an epileptic impostor. And, again, he was Philippa's first cousin, and she regarded him with pride, if not—as Zoe suggested—with a warmer feeling still. How could she bring this trouble upon Philippa?

And, again, it was Roland's secret. How could she reveal a thing which would cover him with ridicule and discredit for the rest of his life? She must be silent for the sake of everybody.

"Zoe," she sprang to her feet, "don't ask me anything more. Forget what I said. It is not my own secret."

"My dear child," Zoe murmured, "if nobody has run away with your money, and if you have found out no mares' nests about me, I don't mind anything. I have already quite forgotten. Why should I remember?"

"Of course," Armored repeated impatiently—this companion of hers often made her impatient—"there is nothing about you. It concerns"—

"Mr. Feilding."

It was only an innocent maid who opened the door to announce an afternoon caller; but Armored started, for really it was the right completion to her sentence, though not the completion she meant to make.

He came in—the man of whom her mind was full—tall, handsome, calm, and self-possessed. Authority sat, visible to all, upon his brow. His dress, his manner, his voice, proclaimed the man who had succeeded—who deserved to succeed. Oh! how could it be possible?

Armored mechanically gave him her hand, wondering. Then, quite in the old style, and as a survival of Samson Island, there passed rapidly through her mind the whole procession of those texts which refer to liars. For the moment she felt curious and nervously excited, as one who should talk with a man condemned. Then she came back to London and to the exigencies of the situation. Yet it was really quite wonderful. For he sat down and began to talk for all the world as if he was a perfectly truthful person: and she rang the bell for tea, and poured it out for him, as if she knew nothing to the contrary. That he, being what he was, should so carry himself; that she, who knew everything, should sit down calmly and put milk and sugar in his tea, were two facts so extraordinary that her head reeled.

Presently, however, she began to feel amused. It was like knowing beforehand, so that the mind is free to think of other things, the story and the plot of a comedy. She considered the acting and the make-up. And both were admirable. The part of successful genius could not be better played. One has known genius too modest to accept the position, happiest while sitting in a dark corner. Here, however, was genius stepping to the front and standing there boldly in sight of all, as if the place was his by the double right of birth and of conquest.

He sat down and began to talk of Art. He seldom, indeed, talked about anything else. But Art has many branches, and he talked about them all. To-day, however, he discoursed on drawing and painting. He was accustomed to patient listeners, and therefore he assumed that his discourse was received with respect, and did not observe the preoccupied look on the face of the girl to whom he discoursed—for Zoe made no pretence of listening, except when the conversation seemed likely to take a personal turn. Nor did he observe how from time to time Armored turned her eyes upon him—eyes full of astonishment—eyes struck with amazement.

Presently he descended for awhile from the heights of principle to the lower level of personal topic. "Mrs. Elstree tells me," he said, smiling with some condescension, "that you paint—of course as an amateur—as well as play. If you can draw as well as you can play you are indeed to be envied. But that is, perhaps, too much to be expected. Will you show me some of your work? And will you—without being offended—suffer me to be a candid critic?"

Armored went gravely to her own room and returned with a small portfolio full of drawings which she placed before him, still with the wonder in her eyes. What would he say—this man who passed off another man's pictures for his own? She stood at the table over him, looking down upon him, waiting to see him betray himself—the first criminal person—the first really wicked man—she had ever encountered in the flesh.

"You are not afraid of the truth?" he asked, turning over the sketches. "In Art—truth—truth is everything. Without truth there is no Art. Truth and sincerity should be our aim in criticism as well as in Art itself."

Oh! what kind of conscience could this man have who was able so to talk about Art, seeing what manner of man he was? Armored glanced at Zoe, half afraid that he would convict himself in her presence. But she seemed asleep, lying back in her cushions.

His remarks were judgments. Once pronounced, there was no appeal. Yet his judgments produced no effect upon the girl, not the least. She listened, she heard, she acquiesced in silence.

Perhaps because he was struck with her coldness he left off examining the sketches, and began a learned little discourse about composition and harmony, selection and grouping. He illustrated these remarks, not obtrusively, but quite naturally, by referring to his own pictures, appealing to Zoe, who lazily raised her head and murmured response, as one who knew it all beforehand. Now, as to the discourse itself, Armored recognised every word of it already: she had read and had been taught these very things. It showed, she thought, what a pretender the man must be not to understand work that had been done by one who had studied seriously, and already knew all that he was laboriously enforcing. But she said nothing. It was, moreover, the lesson of a professor, not of an artist. Between the professional critic who can neither paint nor draw and the smallest of the men who can paint and draw there is, if you please, a gulf fixed that cannot be passed over.

"This drawing, for instance," he concluded, taking up one from the table, "betrays exactly the weakness of which I have been speaking. It has some merit. There is a desire for truth—without truth what are we? The lights are managed with some dexterity, the colour has real feeling. But consider this figure. From sheer ignorance of the elementary considerations which I have been laying down, you have placed it exactly in front. Had it been here, at the right, the effect of the figure in bringing up the whole of the picture would have been heightened tenfold. For my own part, I always like a figure in a painting—a single figure for choice—a girl, because the treatment of the hair and the dress lends itself to effect."

"His famous girl!" echoed Zoe. "That model whom nobody is allowed to see!"

Now, the figure was placed in the middle for very excellent reasons, and in full consideration of those very principles which this expounder had been setting forth. But what yesterday would have puzzled her, now amused her one moment and irritated her the next.

He took up a crayon. "Shall I show you," he asked, "exactly what I mean?"

"If you please. Here is a piece of paper which will do."

He spoke in the style which Matthew Arnold so much admired—the Grand Style—the words clear and articulate, the emphasis just, the manner authoritative. "I will just indicate your background," he said, poised the pencil professionally—he looked as if the Grand Style really belonged to him—"in two or three strokes, and then I will sketch in your figure in the place—here—where it properly belongs. You will see immediately, though, of course—your eye—cannot"—He played with the chalk as one considering where to begin—but he did not begin. Armored remembered a certain day when Roland gave her his first lesson, pencil in hand. Never was that pencil idle: it moved about of its own accord: it was drawing all the time: it seemed to be drawing out of its own head. Mr. Feilding, on the other hand, never touched the paper at all. His pencil was dumb and lifeless. But Armored waited anxiously for him to begin. Now, at any rate, she should see if he could draw. She was disappointed. The clock on the overmantel suddenly struck six. Mr. Feilding dropped the crayon. "Good Heavens!" he cried. "You make one forget everything, Miss Rosevean. We must put off the rest of this talk for another day. But you will persevere, dear young lady, will you not? Promise me that you will persevere. Even if the highest peak cannot be attained—we may not all reach that height—it is something to stand upon the lower slope, if it is only to recognise the greatness of those who are above and the depths below—how deep they are!—of the world which knows no art. Persevere—persevere! I will call again and help you, if I may." He pressed her hand warmly, and departed.

"I really think," said Zoe, "that he believes you worth teaching, Armored. I have never known him give so much time to any one girl before. And if you only knew how they flock about him!"

"Zoe," said Armored, without answering this remark, "you have seen all Mr. Feilding's pictures, have you not?"

"I believe, all."

"Do they all treat the same subject?"

"Up to the present, he has exhibited nothing but sea and coast pieces, headlands, low tide on the rocks, and so forth. Always with his black-haired girl—something like you, but not much more than a child."

"Did you ever see him actually at work?"

"You mean working at an unfinished thing? No; never. He cannot endure anyone in his studio while he is at work."

"Did he ever draw anything for you—any pen-and-ink sketch—pencil sketch? Have you got any of his sketches—rough things?"

"No. Alec has a secretive side to his character. It comes out in odd ways. No one suspected that he could paint, or even draw, until, three or four years ago, he suddenly burst upon us with a finished picture; and then it came out that he had been secretly drawing all his life, and studying seriously for years. Where he will break out next, I don't know."

"He may break out anywhere," said Armored, "except upon the fiddle. I think that he will never play to us. Yes, Zoe, he really is a very, very clever man. He is certainly the very cleverest man in all London."

PART II.—CHAPTER XII.

TO MAKE THAT PROMISE SURE.

There are few instincts and impulses of imperfect human nature more deeply rooted or more certain to act upon us than the desire to "have it out" with some other human creature. Women are especially led or driven by this impulse, even among the less highly civilised to the tearing out of nose- and ear-rings. You may hear every day at all hours in every back street of every city the ladies having it out with each other. In fact there is a perpetual court of Common Pleas being held in these streets, without respite of holiday or truce, in which the folk have it out with each other, while friends—sympathetic friends—stand by and act as judges, jury, arbitrators, lawyers, and all. Things are reported, things are said, things are done, a personal explanation is absolutely necessary, before peace of mind can be restored, or the way to future action become clearly visible. The two parties must have it out.

In Armored's case she found that before doing anything she must see that member of the conspiracy—if, indeed, there was a conspiracy—who was her own friend: she must see Roland. She must know exactly what it meant, if only to find

out how it could be stopped. In plain words, she must have it out. Those who obey a natural impulse generally believe that they are acting by deliberate choice. Thus the doctrine of free will came to be invented: and thus Armored, when she took a cab to the other studio, had no idea but that she was acting the most original part ever devised for any comedy.

As before, she found the artist in his dingy back room, alone. But the picture was advancing. When she saw it, a fortnight before, it was little more than the ghost of a rock with a spectral sea and a shadowy girl beside the sea. Now, it was advanced so far that one could see the beginnings of a fine painting in it.

Roland stepped forward and greeted his old friend. Why—he was already transformed. What had he done to himself? The black bar was gone from his forehead: his eyes were bright: his cheeks had got something of their old colour: his hair was trimmed, and his dress, as well as his manner, showed a return to self-respect.

"What happy thought brings you here again, Armored?" he asked, with the familiarity of old friendship.

"I came to see you at work. Last time I came only to see you. Is it permitted?"

"Behold me! I am at work. See my picture—all there is of it."

Armored looked at it long and carefully. Then she murmured unintelligibly, "Yes, of course. But there never could have been any doubt." She turned to the artist a face full of encouragement. "What did I prophesy for you, Roland? That you should be a great painter? Well, my prophecy will come true."

"I hope, but I fear. I am beginning the world again."

"Not quite. Because you have never ceased to work. Your hand is firmer and your eye is truer now than it was four years ago, when you—ceased to exhibit. But you have never ceased to work. So that you go back to the world with better things."

"They refused to buy my things before."

"They will not refuse, now. Nay, I am certain. Don't think of money, my old friend: you must not—you shall not think of money. Think of nothing but your work—and your name. What ought to be done to a man who should forget his name? He deserves to be deprived of his genius, and to be cast out among the stupid. But you, Roland, you were always keen for distinction—were you not?"

He made no reply.

"How well I know the place," she said, standing before the picture. "It is the narrow channel between Round Island and Camber Rock. Oh! the dear, terrible place. When you and I were there, you remember, Roland, the water was smooth and the sea-birds were flying quietly. I have seen them driven by the wind off the island and beating up against it like a sailing ship. But in September there are no puffs. And I have seen the water racing and roaring through the channel, dashing up the black sides of the rocks—while we lay off, afraid to venture near. It was low tide when you made your sketch. I remember the long yellow-fringing seaweed hanging from the rock six feet deep. And there is your girl sitting in the boat. Oh! I remember her very well. What a happy time she had while you were with her, Roland! You were the very first person to show her something of the outer world. It seemed, when you were gone, as if you had taken that girl and planted her on a high rock so that she could see right across the water to the world of men and Art. You always keep this girl in your pictures?"

"Always in these pictures of coast and rock."

"Roland, I want you to make a change. Do not paint the girl of sixteen in this picture. Let me be your model instead. Put me into the picture. It is my fancy. Will you let me sit for you again?"

"Surely, Armored, if I may. It will be—oh, but you cannot—you must not come to this den of a place."

"Indeed, I think it is not a nice place at all. But I shall stipulate that you take another and a more decent studio immediately. Will you do this?"

"I will do anything—anything—that you command."

"You know what I want. The return of my old friend. He is on his way back already."

"I know—I know. But whether he ever can come back again I know not. A shade or spectre of him, perhaps, or himself, besmirched and smudged, Armored—dragged through the mud."

"I can wait for him. You will take a studio, and I will come and sit to you. I may bring my little friend Effie Wilnot, with me? That is agreed, then. You will go, Sir, this very morning and find a studio. Have you gone back to your club and to your old friends?"

"No. I shall go back to them when I have got work to show. Not before."

"I think you should go back as soon as you have taken your new studio. It will be safer and better. You have been too much alone. And there is another thing—a very important thing—the other night you made me a promise. You tore up something that looked like a cheque. And you assured me that this meant nothing less than a return to the old paths."

"When I tore up that accursed cheque, Armored, I became a free man."

"So I understood. But when one talks of free men one implies the existence of the master or owner of men who are not free. Have you signified to that master or owner your intention to be his bondman no longer?"

"No. I have not."

"This man, Roland," she laid her hand on his, "tell me frankly, has he any hold upon you?"

"None."

"Can he injure you in any way? Can he revenge himself upon you? Is there any old folly or past wickedness that he can bring up against you?"

"None. I have to begin the world again: that is the outside mischief."

"All your pictures you have sold to this man, Roland, with me in every one?"

"Yes, all. Spare me, Armored! With you in every one. Forgive me, if you can!"

"I understand now, my poor friend, why you were so cast down and ashamed. What? You sold your genius—your holy, sacred genius—the spirit that is within you! You flung yourself away—your name, which is yourself—you became nothing, while this man pretends that the pictures—yours—were his! He puts his name to them, not your own—he shows them to his friends in the room that he calls his studio—he sends them to the exhibition as his own—and yet you have been able to live! Oh, how could you?—how could you? Oh! it was shameful—shameful—shameful! How could you, Roland? Oh, my master!—I have loaded you with honour—oh, how could you?—how could you?"

The vehemence of her indignation soon revived the old shame. Roland hung his head.

"How could I?" he repeated. "Yes, say it again—ask the question a thousand times—how could I?"

"Forgive me, Roland! I have been thinking about it continually. It is a thing so dreadful, and yesterday something—an unexpected something—brought it back to my mind—

and—and—made me understand more what it meant. And oh, Roland, how could you? I thought, before, that you had only idled and trifled away your time; but now I know. And again—again—again—how could you?”

“It is no excuse—but it is an explanation—I do not defend myself. Not the least in the world—but . . . Armorer, I was starving.”

“Starving?”

“I could not sell my pictures. No one wanted them. The dealers would give me nothing but a few shillings apiece for them. I was penniless, and I was in debt. And I loved the luxurious life. I tried for employment on the magazines and papers, but without success. In truth, I knew not where to look for the next week's rent and the next week's meals. I was a failure, and I was penniless. Do you ask more?”

“Then the man came?”

“He came—my name was worth nothing—he asked me to suppress it. My work which no one would buy he offered to buy for what seemed, in my poverty, substantial prices if I would let him call it his own. What was the bargain? A life of ease against the bare chance of a name with the certainty of hard times. I was so desperate that I accepted.”

“You accepted. Yes. . . . But you might have given it up at any moment.”

“To be plunged back again into the penniless state. For the life of ease, mark you, brought no ease but a bare subsistence. Only quite lately, terrified by the success of the last picture, my employer has offered to give me two thirds of all he gets. The cheque you saw me tear up and burn was the first considerable sum I have ever received. It is gone, and I am penniless again.”

“And now that you are penniless?”

“Now I shall pawn my watch and chain and everything else. I shall finish this picture, and I will sell it for what the dealers will give me for it. Too late, this year, for exhibition. And so . . . we shall see. If the worst comes I can carry a pair of boards up and down Piccadilly, opposite to the Royal Academy, and dream of the artistic life that once I hoped would be my own.”

“You will do better than that, Roland,” said Armorer, moved to tears. “Oh! you will make a great name yet. But this man—don't tell me his name. Roland, promise me, please, not to tell me his name. I want you—just now—to think that it is your own secret—to yourself. If I should find it out, by accident, that would be—just now—my secret—to myself. This man—you have not yet broken with him?”

“Not yet.”

“Will you go to him and tell him that it is all over? Or will you write to him?”

“I thought that I would wait, and let him come to me.”

“I would not, if I were you. I would write and tell him at once, and plainly. Sit down, Roland, and write now—at once—without delay. Then you will feel happier.”

“I will do what you command me,” he replied meekly.

He had, indeed, resolved with all his might and main that the rupture should be made; but, as yet, he had not made it.

“Get paper, then, and write.”

He obeyed, and sat down. “What shall I say?” he asked.

“Write: ‘After four years of slavery, I mean to become a man once more. Our compact is over. You shall no longer put your name to my works; and I will no longer share in the infamy of this fraud. Find, if you can, some other starving painter, and buy him. I have torn up your cheque, and I am now at work on a picture which will be my own. If there is any awkwardness about the subject and the style, in connection with the name upon it, that awkwardness will be yours, not mine.’ So—will you read it aloud? I think,” said Armorer, “that it will do. He will probably come here and bluster a little. He may even threaten. He may weep. You will—Roland—are you sure—you will be adamant?”

“I swear, Armorer! I will be true to my promise.”

Armorer heaved a sigh. Would he stand steadfast? He might have much to endure. Would he be able to endure hardness? It is only the very young man who can be happy in a garret and live contentedly on a crust. At twenty-six or twenty-seven, the age at which Roland had now arrived, one is no longer quite so young. The garret is dismal; the crust is insipid, unless there are solid grounds for hope. Yet he had the solid grounds of improved work—good work.

“Should you be afraid of him?” she asked.

“Afraid of him?” Roland laughed. “Why, I never meet him but I curse him aloud. Afraid of him? No. I have never been afraid of anything but of becoming penniless. Poverty—destitution—is an awful spectre. And not only poverty but—I confess, with shame”

“Oh! man of little faith”—she did not want to hear the end of that confession—“you could not endure a single hour. You did this awful thing for want of money.”

“I did,” said Roland, meekly.

“The Way of Pleasure and the Way of Wealth. I remember—you told me long ago—they draw the young man by ropes. But not the girl. Why not the girl? We never feel this strange yearning for riot and excess. In all the poetry, the novels, the pictures, and the plays the young men are always being dragged by ropes to the Way of Pleasure. Are men so different from women? What does it mean—this yearning? I cannot understand it. What is your Way of Pleasure that it should attract you so? Your poetry and your novels cannot explain it. I see feasting in it, drinking, singing, dancing, gambling, sitting up all night, and love-making. As for work, there is none. Why should the young man want to feast? It is like a City Alderman to be always thinking of banquets. Why should you want to drink wine perpetually? I suppose you do not actually get tipsy. If you can sing and like singing, you can sing over your work, I suppose. As for love-making”—she paused. The subject, where a young man and a maiden discuss it, has to be treated delicately. “I have always supposed that two people fall in love when they are fitted for each other. But in this, your wonderful Way of Pleasure, the poets write as if every man was always wanting to make love to every woman if she is pleasant to look at, and without troubling whether she is good or bad, wise or silly. Oh! every woman—any woman—there is neither dignity of manhood nor self-respect nor respect to woman in this folly.”

“You cannot understand any of it, Armorer,” said Roland. “We ought all of us to be flogged from Newgate to Tyburn.”

“That would not make me understand. Flora, Chloe, Daphne, Amaryllis—they are all the same to the poet. A pretty girl seems all that he cares for. Can that be love?”

—And back again,” said Roland.

“Still I should not understand. In the poetry I think that love-making comes first, and eating and drinking afterwards. As for love-making,” she spoke philosophically, as one in search of truth, “as for love-making, I believe I could wait contentedly without it until I found exactly the one man I could love. But that I should take a delight in writing or singing songs about making love to every man who was a handsome fellow—any man—every man—oh! can one conceive such a thing? There is but one Way of Pleasure to such as you, Roland. If I could paint so good a picture as this is going to be, it would be a lifelong joy. I should never, never, never tire of it. I should want no other pleasure—

nothing better—than to work day after day, to work and study, to watch and observe, to feel the mastery of hand and eye. Oh! Roland—with this before you—with this”—she pointed to the picture—“you sold your soul—you—you—you!—for feasting and drinking and—and—perhaps”

“No, Armorer: no. Everything else if you like: but not love-making.”

(To be continued.)

MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

“Sea Bells” and “Home, Dearie, Home” are the titles of songs by that prolific and successful song-composer Mr. J. L. Molloy. In the first-named piece the words are also by him, those of the other being by F. E. Weatherly. In “Sea Bells” there is a plainly marked vocal melody, with a good indication of reverberating chimes; the second song having a pleasing tone of homely sentiment. Messrs. Boosey and Co. are the publishers; as also of “Morning Bright,” a song composed by Mr. A. Goring Thomas, to words translated from an old French source by John Oxenford. The music is replete with airy grace and fancy. “My Love's an Arbutus” (also published by Messrs. Boosey and Co.) is a setting of words by A. P. Graves to a pleasing old Irish melody arranged by Professor Stanford; another vocal piece issued by the same publishers being a very pleasing song, “Sea Dreams,” the words by F. E. Weatherly, the music by F. Moir, who has furnished a melody of essentially vocal character, with good contrasts between the major and minor keys.

Six songs, written by Mr. B. C. Stephenson and composed by Mr. Alfred Cellier, are all fresh and interesting in the vocal portions, which are associated with accompaniments that are above the ordinary conventional commonplace that so frequently characterises those accessories. Most of the songs are in a more or less sentimental style; and the composer occasionally uses unconventional rhythms with good effect. The songs are respectively entitled “All are Deceivers,” “Mine! all Mine!” “Song of the Night,” “The Game of Love,” “Tune up, my Love,” and “Song of the Love”; and all are worthy of wide acceptance in drawing-room circles. Messrs. Metzler and Co. are the publishers.

“The Sea of Life” is a song (words by C. Bingham, music by F. Moir) of a serious and reflective cast. The melody is expressive, although simple, and a good effect of variety is obtained by the alternation of the minor and major modes. Messrs. R. Cocks and Co. are the publishers; as also of “The Far's Home,” a song composed by Michael Watson, who has produced a strongly rhythmical melody in the true British nautical style. Although declamatory and demonstrative, it is not vulgar. “Woman's Way” is a song of a playful character—words by the practised hand of F. E. Weatherly, the music bearing the well-known name of J. L. Roeckel. The song has a pleasant tone of arch simplicity. This is also published by Messrs. R. Cocks and Co., from whom we have likewise “Tipperary,” a very characteristic Irish ballad, the words and music by Gerard Lane; “My Angel,” by F. Bevan, who has well realised the sentimental style; and “O'er the Strait,” words by F. E. Weatherly, music by L. Diehl, in which there is much unexaggerated sentiment, alike in the text and in the vocal setting.

“Holiday Album” is the title of six pianoforte pieces by Fritz Spindler, whose productiveness is shown by the opus number (376) of the work now referred to. The pieces are entitled, respectively, “Au Revoir,” “A Medley,” “Over the Hills and Far Away,” “Rustic Song,” “Sicilian Dance,” and “At Rest.” The music, like the titles, is of varied character, and in every instance is distinguished by charm of melody and interesting harmonic treatment. The comparative freedom from mechanical difficulty renders these pieces especially suitable for teaching purposes. They are published by Messrs. Forsyth Brothers, of Manchester and London, who are bringing out a new series of “School Songs” for equal voices, in unison, and two and three parts. They are edited by F. N. Löhr, and are well calculated for their intended purpose; the low price at which they are issued bringing them within the reach of the poorest purchasers.

An Exhibition of National Arts and Industries which is to be held this year in Tokyo under the auspices of the Japanese Government excites increasing interest among students, connoisseurs, and all interested in the future of the art industries of Japan. The views of Mr. Liberty, expressed in a lecture delivered last June in Tokyo, agree completely with those of Sir Edwin Arnold, eloquently set forth in a letter lately published in the *Daily Telegraph*. Both authorities find in the resistance now being made in Japan to the undue influence of European ideas, and in the reaction which has set in in this respect, conclusive evidence of the remarkable vitality in Japanese art life.

The annual conference of the National Union of Teachers, at the Merchant Taylors' School, was brought to a close on April 10. A resolution was adopted deprecating the practice of the Education Department in admitting every year a large number of imperfectly qualified persons to the teaching profession. The Government were heartily congratulated on the new code, though exception was taken to some of the provisions. Among the resolutions passed at the conference was one in favour of abolishing half-time in elementary schools, as being prejudicial to the best interests of education. It was announced that the sum subscribed this year to the various benevolent funds connected with the union would be nearly £10,000. In the evening a conversation was held at the South Kensington Museum, which was largely attended by the representatives. About 3000 ladies and gentlemen were present, and during the evening there was a series of vocal and instrumental concerts in different parts of the building. Addresses were also delivered in the lecture theatre.

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Paramount in interest as must ever be the subject of Shakespeare and his writings, it yet perhaps claims a little additional attention as the anniversary of his birth and death comes round. Our memories ought not to require jogging at such a period, but as we grow into years, and by the process find more and more resource within the hallowed magic of the poet's mind, we are apt to overlook the sacred occasion itself. However, although “Old men forget, yet all shall be forgot, but he'll remember with advantages,” that on April 23, 1564, there entered on the stage of “this wide and universal theatre” one of the greatest geniuses the world has ever known, and that exactly fifty-three years later, to the very day, he made his final exit. It is well, we say, that we should be reminded of these events, conspicuous as they are in the history of the noblest literature. They find their celebration no doubt in many a private circle where the wholesome habit has obtained of reading his plays aloud. Shakespearean societies worthy of the name seldom fail to do honour to the anniversary; but if we desire to see it kept with all due and reverent respect, we should contrive a visit to the bard's birthplace. At Stratford-on-Avon there now take place annually, about April twenty-third, five or six performances of the most renowned of his plays, while the good burghers of the quiet little old-world Warwickshire town maintain open house, and fill the seats of the exquisite Memorial Theatre with their guests.

They have, too, a pretty quaint conceit that serves most fittingly to illustrate the poetic sentiment of the season. They hold that on the twenty-third of April every year the nightingales that haunt the willow-fringed margin of the silver river first burst into song. It is declared that these sweet minstrels restrain their notes until the sacred day arrives, but that with its dawn there is awakened a chorus of melody from their tiny throats which seems to be a signal for the whole world to rejoice—to rejoice that a man-child was born into it who should illumine and stir to their profoundest depths the heart and mind of all humanity. The fanciful tradition further runs that this paean from the birds is sent up to heaven in salutation of the phantom presence of the mighty master; who, it is averred, with the privilege of an immortal, “revisits the glimpses of the moon,” and wanders for a while by the stream he loved so well, and around the sacred edifice upon its bank, where all that was mortal of him rests in holy peace and seclusion. Surely it were hardly possible to find a prettier legend, belief, tradition, call it what you please, wherewith to form a touchstone to our memory and save the hallowed day from that oblivion into which it is too apt to fall in the midst of the rush and turmoil of this nineteenth-century life. The recollection that the birds at least do not forget it, nor have done so for these three hundred years and more, should for very shame oblige us to keep our memory green.

The ancestors of these identical songsters must have beheld the poet “in his habit as he lived,” and have doubtless handed down by word of note to their offspring accounts and descriptions of him, thus enabling the rising generation of woodland choristers to recognise his wandering spirit in its ethereal garb—albeit arrogant man is denied such peeps into regions beyond the veil. At any rate they know he is there, and hail him joyously in their own delightful fashion.

Their dusky cousins, also, as they “caw and clamour” around their nests high up in the elms above the church, appear equally conscious that something in the way of a celebration is going on, and, if the little yellow-beaked, fluffy dumplings peering out of their rustic nurseries are as yet not wholly aware of the nature of the function, they are quite ready, as dutiful children, to follow their parents' lead, the result being such a hubbub and such a confusion of rooky tongues that the whole air tingles again, as it were, with exhilarating sound. The contagion spreads to every bush and brake, and every neighbouring copse, and not a thicket, hedge-row, dingle dell, or solitary tree but echoes with the voice of birds. It is, indeed, as if the whole feathered community, taking its cue from the nightingales, were striving to outdo each other, and to see who would render the greatest homage to him who knew both the prose and poetry of their lives better than did ever man before or since. From the noisy rook down to the twittering sparrow and tiny tit they one and all have a good deal to say about this auspicious day—the most auspicious of all the merry springtime. Now we should assuredly in some sort follow their example, and never let the moment slip by without giving it a passing thought.

We Britons here within the confines of the four seas have no excuse for negligence. We are here upon the spot almost, for a few hours' run by rail will bring us into touch with the very background, and all the local colour necessary to spur the imagination, and allow us to share with the nightingales and their fellows a sight of Shakespeare in the spirit. What better bourn to make for during a springtide holiday than the banks of pearly Avon? What wholesomer, purer form of relaxation from the stress and strain of “this work a' day world” could be found than a ramble round about the most noteworthy of all poetic shrines? We can, then, in fancy take a look at the baby boy as he lay in his Noah's Ark-like cradle beneath the huge beam that spans the room where he first saw the light in that old low-browed house in Henley-street. Or we may see him “mewling and puking in the nurse's arms” as she strolls with him in some fractious mood to the leaded casement, then free from diamond-scratched records of the visits of devotional pilgrims, to give the little chap a peep at the bright spring sky. Later we can watch him “with satchel and shining morning face, creeping like snail unwillingly to school,” to the grammar school in the High-street, where he acquired “that little Latin and less Greek” of which we wot. Still later we can follow him in our thoughts to the neighbouring woodlands of Charlecote Park, and ruminate on that doubtful escapade of his with Sir Thomas Lucy's deer. Anon we can behold him before the altar taking to wife his love from Shroton, and finally we can mourn over the space left by the desecration which swept away his home and the scene of his death at New-place. Nay, wherever we turn, within the district of the old town, we can get a notion or a hint, more or less vivid, of his life and days, notwithstanding the interruptions and the blanks which “the revolution of the times” has wrought. We can, in a measure, “read the book of fate,” and see “how chances mock, and change fills the cup of alteration with divers liquors.”

And if our musings are inevitably tinged with regret that so little exists to testify to the private habits and manner of the man, and that so little regard was given in his day to the record of his life, yet must we remember that all this is as naught in the face of the fact that his verse defies the Destroyer's scythe, and lives “not for an age, but for all time.” Herein, at least, is consolation even for the sceptic and scientist, who, while sneering at the fanciful legend about the nightingale's notes—who may question, even deny, the very existence of the poet Shakespeare—cannot fail to find a pleasure in the sights and sounds invariably awaiting him on the Avon's banks in the sweet spring days. The rural beauties alone should prove a reward sufficient for a journey to the birthplace.—W. W. F.

LONDON CABS AND CABMEN.



THIS vast labyrinth of streets, and of suburban roads beyond, extends ten or twelve miles from east to west, and eight miles from the north to the south, which practically comprises the immense town of London, not to speak of the wider area of the Metropolitan District.

and what should we do without public vehicles? Two thousand omnibuses, a thousand tram-cars, and nearly twelve thousand cabs are not too many for the need of passenger traffic, besides the Metropolitan, Metropolitan District, North London,

and other Railways, whose aggregate yearly passenger traffic is reckoned by millions. Cabs are not only indispensable accessories to a railway journey of such length as to demand luggage, but are continually in requisition, for business errands in the morning, to save time, and, in the evening, to reach opportunities of social intercourse, or places of public entertainment, and to get home at night. One must be conveyed to the door in a special hackney carriage, unless one has a private carriage, or if one does not care to use it on every trivial occasion, or when one happens, as every active man often does happen, to be where his private equipage is not within reach. The great majority of respectable middle-class families are entirely dependent on cabs for this kind of accommodation. A hundred thousand "fares," by a moderate computation, are daily taken wherever they please in London: indeed, we should not be surprised by the calculation that £10,000 a day is spent for this convenience. The last annual report of the Metropolitan Commissioner of Police puts the number of licensed "hansoms," two-wheeled cabs, at 7396, and of "clarences," or four-wheelers, at 4013, while there was an increase of 1136—mostly of hansoms—in the year 1888. The

number of cab-drivers was 15,514, some of them probably doing night duty with cabs driven by other men in the daytime. It is usual, in such cases, to put in fresh horses in the afternoon. Here is an army of skilled whips, every one of whom must pass an official examination before he gets a license, and most of whom previously belonged to the classes of persons accustomed to manage horses: they were coachmen, grooms, carmen, or stablemen. Part of the examination relates to their knowledge of the principal streets of London, the railway stations, and the public buildings; they are not required, we believe, to learn the table of distances and rates of fares. Differences of opinion sometimes arise upon such points as these, especially with passengers who seem to be strangers to the locality; but the experienced Londoner knows how to consult an official table, and can guess by the time and pace how far he has travelled in the cab. In any case, the readiest way to avoid further dispute is to tender the just payment, with one's name and address, demanding the cabman's ticket, which he is bound to give. If he knows he is in the wrong he will say that he has lost it, when he should be mildly reminded that this is a dereliction, and he will then take the proper fare rather than go to the police-court. But when the cabman declares his willingness to appear in support of his claim, the passenger cannot justly refuse—nor would any true gentleman refuse—to hand over his card with a sufficient direction, which is always the safest, as well as the most dignified course of behaviour. It is to be hoped, among future improvements, that our cabs will some day be furnished with the small recording machine, in the nature of a pedometer, by which the exact number of yards, or revolutions of the wheel, in the distance actually run, is mechanically exhibited. Another useful appendage to the vehicle would be a carriage clock, such as many owners of private carriages have lately adopted. We do not believe that cabmen are more dishonest than other men are too often tempted to be whose earnings are precarious, and who deal with utter strangers at the shortest notice—with people they may never meet again. The number convicted of deliberate overcharges and exactions is quite insignificant, compared to those censured for careless driving, for causing obstruction in the street, for loitering, stopping at improper places, leaving their cabs unattended, also for abusive language, insulting gestures, and drunkenness, proved before the magistrates. Thirty-five hackney-carriage drivers' licenses were revoked, for one or another offence, during the year.

There are in the streets of London, exclusive of the City, about six hundred public cab-ranks, besides those at the railway-stations, with an average of nearly ten standings for cabs at each place, but these are seldom entirely occupied. Considering the enforced idleness of many long hours spent in waiting for fares, the behaviour of the men on these ranks is generally as good as could reasonably be expected. A wise and kindly movement, which deserves greater public support,

has been fifteen years in progress, to organise the institution of "Cabmen's Shelters," with wholesome refreshments sold at a fair price, and with a little supply of books and papers to read, at the cab-ranks where these men are detained in numbers sufficient to make it worth while. The experiment was first tried in Liverpool, afterwards in Glasgow and Birmingham; and by the efforts of Mr. Henry Macnamara, Mr. John Dennistoun, Captain G. C. H. Armstrong, and other judicious social reformers, a similar institution was formed in London in January 1875. Everybody has seen the "Cabmen's Shelters," of which there are different models and sizes; but those of later construction are decidedly ornamental to the streets, being elegant in design, and often prettily decorated.



A CABMEN'S SHELTER.

In the summer months, here and there, we observe their exterior made still more attractive by flowers growing in pots or hanging baskets; the gift, in some instances, of ladies residing in the neighbourhood. Such a structure, built of good light wood, yellow deal, with oaken corner-posts and oaken curb round the bottom, for strength and durability, and properly fitted, in the interior, which is divided into two compartments, with shelves, tables, seats, and lockers, with a cooking-stove, an iron coke-bin or coal-bin, a lead-lined or galvanised-iron sink for washing, a place for keeping provisions, and a dresser for crockery and utensils, will cost about £175; the stove, the hardware, and utensils, £20 or £25 more. The dimensions of the new-model Cabmen's Shelter are 18 ft. or



A LONDON GONDOLA.



SKETCHES OF LONDON CABS AND CABMEN: INTERIOR OF A CABMEN'S SHELTER.

18 ft. 6 in. length, 7 ft. or 7 ft. 6 in. width, and 10 ft. 6 in. height; but the old pattern was 17 ft. long by 6 ft. or 6 ft. 6 in. wide. There is room for eight or ten persons to sit comfortably at table, while the attendant in charge has his separate compartment and kitchen at the end. None but cab-drivers on the stand are admitted, to the number, in some instances, of a hundred or more in the day, forty or fifty being a common average number served. They have tea or coffee, bread and butter, meat or eggs or bacon, of the best quality and well cooked, at prices regulated by an official tariff. Newspapers, popular magazines, and a few books amuse their leisure half-hours; if they want to smoke a pipe, they can go outside

to the cab-stand. Of course, there is no idea of accepting a charity in making use of the institution; but the cost of creating a "Shelter," some £200, is defrayed by generous donations and subscriptions to the "Cabmen's Shelter Fund," and most frequently by one or two local benefactors. When fairly established, at a large well-frequented cab-stand in one of the main thoroughfares, the cabmen's custom ought to make it self-supporting. This excellent association, of which the Duke of Portland is president, is managed by a committee—namely, Lord Willoughby de Eresby, Chairman; Captain Armstrong, Captain the Hon. R. R. Best, Mr. Dennistoun, Mr. Edward Dent, Mr. Arthur Guest, Mr. C.

McHardy, Mr. Walter Macnamara, Honorary Secretary; Mr. G. S. Murphy, and Mr. Sutherland Safford. Its offices are at 185, Victoria-street, close to the Victoria Station of the Underground Railway; and the General Superintendent, Mr. Brabazon Morris, exercises an active control over the attendants in charge of all the cab-shelters, numbering forty, in different parts of London. We feel sure that any contributions to the fund, which is small for the amount of good work it does, will be carefully and beneficially employed. And we venture to suggest that it is much to the interest of society—it will increase our personal comfort—to show a little regard for the cabmen, and to foster a kindly feeling between them and their



ONE OF THE OLD SCHOOL.



A HANSOM CABMAN.



WAITING FOR A JOB.

customers of the general public. These regularly enlisted and officially recognised public servants, when not individually at fault, seem to have a right to the same tone of corporate esteem that is conceded to railway guards and porters, to policemen, and to soldiers and sailors. It is good policy to develop the "esprit de corps" among such classes; and one likes to hear that in connection with the "shelters" they are forming "clubs," of provident design, aided by the shelter-keepers under the supervision of Mr. Morris, for allowances in case of sickness or death, and for the purchase of rugs, capes, whips, and other needful articles of equipment, as well as for wholesome recreation. These institutions are to be found in Palace-yard, close to the Houses of Parliament; in Pont-street; at Pickering-place, Bayswater; in Archer-street, in the Harrow-road; and in Warwick-road, Maida Vale, flourishing with various methods of usefulness; and several ladies, among whom are the Marchioness of Tavistock, Lady Robinson, and Miss Catherine Green, have taken an active part in promoting them. At Pickering-place, near the Royal Oak, there is a good library and reading-room in a separate house, founded by Lady Robinson. The Warwick-road Club provides for an annual holiday excursion in the country, with a programme of games and sports, in which some of the cabmen are notably proficient. The portrait sketched by our Artist which heads this article may be recognised by frequenters of St. James's-square as that of a favourite brisk hansom-driver who has won distinction in rowing-matches on the Thames. Others have been identified with smart and well-informed speakers at debating societies. It would not be astonishing, if a few cabmen of literary taste were hereafter to contribute, from their diversified observations of society and their leisure for reflection, writings equal in merit to the "Hansom Lays" of an accomplished and versatile author, and perhaps not less successful than "The Mystery of a Hansom Cab."

The subjects of our Artist's Sketches are familiar types of common objects in the street-world of London, requiring no particular explanation. One of our novelists long ago suggested the idea of calling the ready hansom "the London gondola"; and it may really be

entitled, when it has attained sufficient antiquity, to be regarded by future generations as a vehicle not less romantic, being certainly picturesque, than the black canal-charge of Venice, with its standing paddler at the prow, imagined to have formerly sung the verses of Tasso wherewith to beguile his toil. It must, indeed, be doubted whether "One of the Old School," the venerable Jarvey portrayed in another Sketch, remembers any of his comrades, at

the beginning of the Queen's reign, spouting "Childe Harold" or "Marmion" from the elevated seat in front of the cab. To go further back, some of us can, perhaps, remember the heavy two-horsed hackney coaches of an earlier period, and the "flys" which lingered in provincial towns, differing materially from the modern Clarence model. "The Old School" of drivers is not yet extinct. There are in London, as we learn on official authority, a hundred septuagenarian cabmen, and three over eighty years of age. May their last days be in comfort and peace! What experiences must they have had—what exposure to all kinds of weather, chilling, wetting, foggy, rainy, windy, frosty, not too often sunshiny—what long drives home at night without a fare, perhaps five shillings behind with the day's out-of-pocket expenses—what wranglings with unjust and arrogant customers, tempting a decent man to swear at the contempt they treated him with—what extra labours, sometimes unpaid, in carrying heavy boxes into the house and upstairs—what loss of time in waiting at the door, ten minutes here, ten minutes there, with a denial of fair remuneration—what mean haggings over the other sixpence, what angry outbursts of temper, what endurance of haughty scorn! We hope, in these times of improving civilisation and professed moral culture, when gentlemen and ladies understand it to be a point of honour to behave gently and fairly to all whom they employ, there is comparatively little of that insolent treatment of cabmen which belonged to the manners of a past age. Good breeding means good feeling shown with due reserve and propriety, and its grace is nowhere so apparent as in these small transactions with people of the humbler classes who render us direct personal service.

An anonymous friend has paid to the treasurer of the London City Mission £2500 towards the support of ten missionaries in poor and neglected districts of London for five years. Mr. George Palmer, formerly M.P. for Reading, has made another munificent gift to that town. Several years ago he presented to the residents the large recreation ground which faces the Thames, and last October he gave, through his eldest son, who was then Mayor, twenty-one acres of land at the east end of the borough for the purpose of a recreation ground, and offered £300 towards laying it out. Mr. Palmer has now offered to the town an extra twenty-eight acres, and at the same time proposed to fence the whole, and also to erect a suitable building. The land is worth about £50,000.



A GROWLER.

OBITUARY.

THE MARQUIS OF NORMANBY.



The Most Honourable George Augustus Constantine, Marquis of Normanby, Earl of Mulgrave and Viscount Normanby in the Peerage of the United Kingdom. Baron Mulgrave of Mulgrave, in the county of York, in the Peerage of Great Britain, and Baron Mulgrave, of New Ross, in the county of Wexford, in the Peerage of Ireland, P.C., G.C.B., G.C.M.G., died on April 3, at Brighton. His Lordship, born July 23, 1819, was the only child of Constantine Henry, second Earl of Mulgrave and first Marquis of Normanby, K.G., G.C.B., G.C.H., the well-known Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, by the Honourable Maria Liddell, his wife, eldest daughter of the first Lord Ravensworth, and succeeded to the title on the death of his father in 1863. He sat in Parliament for Scarborough as a Liberal from 1847 to 1851, and again from 1852 to 1858. He was appointed Comptroller of her Majesty's Household in 1851, and Treasurer in 1853. He was Governor of Nova Scotia from 1858 to 1863, of Queensland from 1871 to 1874, of New Zealand from 1874 to 1878, and of Victoria from the latter year until 1884. His Lordship, who was formerly a Lord-in-Waiting to her Majesty, and Captain of the Honourable Corps of Gentlemen-at-Arms, married, Aug. 17, 1844, Laura, daughter of the late Captain Robert Russell, of the Royal Navy, and by her, who died Jan. 26, 1885, leaves surviving issue, two sons and two daughters. The elder son, Constantine Charles, Earl of Mulgrave, now third Marquis of Normanby, is Vicar of Worsley, Lancashire, was born in 1846, and is unmarried.

SIR BROOK BRIDGES, BART.

The Rev. Sir Brook George Bridges, sixth Baronet, of Goodnestone Park, in the county of Kent, died on April 1, at his seat near Wingham, aged eighty-eight. He was the second son of the late Sir Brook William Bridges, Baronet, by Eleanor, his first wife, eldest daughter and coheir of the late Mr. John Foote, a well-known London banker, and succeeded to the Baronetcy in 1875, on the death of his brother Brook, first Baron FitzWalter. He was educated at Winchester and at Oriel College, Oxford, where he graduated B.A. in 1825, and was for some time Rector of Blankney, Lincolnshire. He was a Magistrate for Kent and Lincolnshire, and married, Nov. 15, 1832, Louisa, daughter of the late Mr. Charles Chaplin of Blankney, M.P. for Lincoln; but by her, who died Jan. 21, 1884, he leaves no issue. The deceased Baronet is succeeded by his cousin, now Sir Thomas Pym Bridges, seventh Baronet, Rector of Danbury, near Chelmsford, who married, in 1831, a daughter of Sir William Lawrence Young, Bart.

THE BISHOP OF DOVER.

The Right Rev. Edward Parry, D.D., Bishop Suffragan of Dover, died on April 11, at St. Leonards. His Lordship was born Jan. 14, 1830, the only surviving son of the late Rear-Admiral Sir William Edward Parry, the well-known explorer of the Arctic regions, by his wife, the Honourable Isabella Louisa Stanley, fourth daughter of John, first Lord Stanley of Alderley, and aunt of the present Peer. He was educated at Balliol College, Oxford, where he graduated B.A. (first class in classics) in 1852 and M.A. in 1855, and was ordained priest in 1854. He was Rector of Acton, Middlesex, from 1859 to 1868, Rural Dean of Ealing from 1863 to 1869, and Archdeacon and Canon of Canterbury from 1869 until his appointment, in 1870, as Bishop Suffragan of Dover. The deceased Bishop married, May 18, 1859, Matilda, daughter of Mr. Benjamin Williams of Limsfield, in the county of Surrey, and leaves issue, four sons and two daughters.

SIR CHARLES WOOD.

Sir Charles Alexander Wood, Knt., lately Commissioner of Emigration, died suddenly on April 5, at Neyland, in his eightieth year. He was the third son of the late Colonel Thomas Wood of Littleton, Middlesex, and of Gwentyed, Breconshire, M.P. for the latter county, by Lady Caroline Stewart, his wife, second daughter of Robert, first Marquis of Londonderry, K.G., and was brother of General Sir David Edward Wood, G.C.B., late Commandant of Woolwich. He was a Magistrate for Middlesex and Brecon, and Vice-Chairman of the Great Western Railway. In 1874 he was knighted. He married, June 25, 1838, Sophia, daughter of the late Mr. John Studholme Brownrigg, M.P. for Boston, and leaves, with other issue, an elder son, Edward Alexander Wood, C.B., who is Colonel of the 10th Hussars and Inspecting Officer of Auxiliary Cavalry in Great Britain. He married, in 1871, a daughter of Mr. Caledon Alexander of Sutton Place, Surrey.

SIR JAMES TYLER.

Sir James Tyler, Knt., formerly Lieutenant of the Honourable Corps of Gentlemen-at-Arms, died on April 5, at his residence, Pine House, Holloway, N. He was born June 23, 1816, and was the only son of the late Mr. Watt William Tyler. The deceased gentleman was a Deputy Lieutenant and a Justice of the Peace for Middlesex, and a Governor of Christ's Hospital. He received the honour of knighthood in 1851, on his appointment as Lieutenant of Gentlemen-at-Arms. In 1841 he married Elizabeth Anne, daughter of the late Mr. Richard Donne.

GENERAL SIR WILLIAM JONES, G.C.B.

General Sir William Jones, G.C.B., Colonel of the 1st Battalion of the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry, died on April 8, at his residence, Lansdowne Lodge, Lansdowne-road, Dublin, aged eighty-two. He was the only son of the late Mr. William Jones of Glen Helen, Carnarvonshire, by Caroline, his wife, daughter of the late Mr. George Upham, of London. He received his education at Sandhurst, and entering the Army in 1825, became Lieutenant in the 61st Regiment. He rose to the rank of Captain in 1835, Major in 1844, Lieutenant-Colonel in 1848, Colonel in 1854, Major-General in 1863, Lieutenant-General in 1872, and General in 1877. He served with distinction in the Punjab campaign of 1848-9, was present at the passage of the Chenab, and in the battles of Sadoolapore and Chillianwallah, after which he commanded his regiment at the battle of Goojerat. In 1857 he commanded, as Brigadier, the 3rd Infantry Brigade at Delhi, and in the repulse of the sortie of July 9; and he continued in the command of both columns during the six days' fighting within the city until its final capture on Sept. 20. He was several times mentioned in despatches; and, in recognition of his gallantry, he received two medals with three clasps, the good-service pension, and the decoration of the Companion of the Bath. In 1858 he was advanced to Knight Commander of the Bath, and in 1886 was

created a Knight Grand Cross of the Bath. The distinguished General whose death we record was married, in 1851, to Elizabeth Dorothea, second daughter of the late Mr. John Tuthill of Kilmore House, in the county of Limerick, which lady predeceased him in 1885.

SIR LOUIS JACKSON, C.I.E.

Sir Louis Stuart Jackson, Knt., C.I.E., formerly Puisne Judge of the High Court, Calcutta, died on April 9, at his residence, Hadleigh Hall, Suffolk. He was born in 1824, the only surviving son of the late Lieutenant-Colonel Henry George Jackson, of the Royal Artillery, by his wife, Catherine, elder daughter and coheir of the late Mr. Walter Cecil of Morton Jeffries, Herefordshire, and was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, and at Haileybury College. He entered the Bengal Civil Service in 1843, and was employed, from 1847 to 1850, under the Government in the Straits Settlements. In 1862 he was appointed a Puisne Judge of the High Court, Calcutta, and in 1878 its Acting Chief Justice. In the latter year he was made Companion of the Indian Empire, and on his retirement, in 1880, received the honour of Knighthood. Sir Louis married, in 1848, Louisa Maria, daughter of the late Lieutenant-General William Staveley, C.B., and leaves surviving issue, three sons. The deceased Knight was a magistrate for Suffolk, and a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society, of the Zoological Society, and of Calcutta University.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Mr. Charles Wansbrough of Shrewton Manor, Wilts, J.P., aged eighty-six.

The Rev. Charles Frederick Baylay, M.A., for forty-four years Rector of Kirkby, near Horncastle, on April 3, aged eighty-five.

Mr. Henry Campkin, F.S.A., formerly librarian of the Reform Club, on April 6, at 112, Torriano-avenue, N.W., aged seventy-four.

General Goodlake, Coldstream Guards, who obtained the Victoria Cross in the Crimea, at his residence, Denham Fisheries, Uxbridge, on April 5, aged fifty-seven.

Miss Mary Louisa Boyle, younger daughter of the late Vice-Admiral the Hon. Sir Courtenay Boyle, K.H., brother of the eighth Earl of Cork, K.P., aged seventy-nine.

The Rev. Frederic Edward Gretton, B.D., Rector of Oddington, Gloucestershire, youngest son of the late Very Rev. George Gretton, D.D., Dean of Hereford, aged eighty-seven.

Mr. Walter Long Boreham of Haverhill, in the county of Essex, at Teneriffe, Canary Islands, in his forty-second year. He was a Magistrate for Essex and Suffolk.

Mr. A. W. Simpson, the Recorder of Scarborough, on April 5, from an attack of paralysis. He had been Recorder of Scarborough for twenty years, and was seventy years of age.

Mr. Edward Hallstone of Walton Hall, Yorkshire, F.S.A., aged seventy-two. He was a Deputy Lieutenant for the West Riding of York, and married, in 1855, Sarah Harriette, only daughter of Mr. William Ferrand, by whom he leaves an only child, Etheldreda-Lilla.

Lady Dunbar (Catherine Hay), eldest daughter of the late Mr. James Paterson of Carpow, in the county of Perth, and widow of Sir William Dunbar, seventh Baronet, of Mochrum Park, Wigtonshire, on April 2, at her residence, near Kirkcowan, aged eighty-two.

General William Collier Menzies, of the Royal Engineers, on March 31, at St. Heliers, Jersey, in his seventy-third year. He was the youngest son of the late General Sir Charles Menzies, K.C.B., and entered the army in 1837, from which he retired with the rank of General in 1881.

Lieutenant-Colonel Arthur Warry, commanding the Royal Artillery at Weymouth, aged forty-eight. He was brother of Mr. George Deedes Warry, Q.C., of Shapwick, in the county of Somerset, the Recorder of Portsmouth, and entered the Army in 1860, obtaining his Lieutenant-Colonelcy two years since.

The Rev. George Frederick De Teissier, B.D., formerly Rector of Childrey and Fellow of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, on April 8, at Chichester, aged sixty-eight. He was the fourth son of James, first Baron De Teissier, which title he received from Louis XVIII. in the year 1819, and was a younger brother of the third and present Baron.

Major Charles George Lewis Wingfield, late of the 2nd Battalion Dorsetshire Regiment, at Bromham, Bedford, aged thirty-nine. He was the second son of the late Captain Edward Ffolliott Wingfield, 2nd Life Guards (nephew of Richard, fifth Viscount Powerscourt), by his wife, Frances, daughter of the fifth Lord Dynevor.

The Hon. Mrs. George Handcock (Elizabeth Alicia), on April 1, at her residence, 5, South Eaton-place. She was the younger daughter of the late Mr. Robert Henry French, of Dublin, cousin of Lord De Freyne, and married, in 1833, the Hon. George Handcock, uncle of the present Lord Castlemaine, which gentleman died in 1867.

Lieutenant-Colonel William Salisbury Ewart, late of the Grenadier Guards, on April 7, at 4, St. George's-place, Hyde Park, aged fifty-five. He served with distinction in the Eastern campaign of 1854-5, including the battles of the Alma and Inkermann, and the siege and fall of Sebastopol. In requital, he received a medal with three clasps and the Turkish medal.

Lieutenant-Colonel Frederick Schomberg Carr, commanding the 5th Punjab Cavalry, at Rawul Pindi, Punjab, in his forty-fifth year. He entered the Army as Ensign in 1861, and became Lieutenant-Colonel in 1887. He served in the Jowaki Afreedee Expedition of 1877, and in the Afghan War of 1878-80 (several times mentioned in despatches—two medals with clasps, and the brevet of Major).

Mr. Robert George Duff of Glan-y-Bala, Carnarvonshire, at Wellington Lodge, near Ryde, Isle of Wight, in his seventy-third year. He was fourth son of the late Mr. Gordon Duff of Hattan Castle, Aberdeenshire, by Louisa, his wife, eldest daughter of Sir Benjamin Dunbar, Bart., afterwards sixth Lord Duffus, and was a Deputy Lieutenant and a Justice of the Peace for Carnarvon, and a Magistrate for Hants.

Mr. John Augustus James Johnstone, of Alva, Clackmannanshire, Justice of the Peace for that county, on April 1, at Balnagowan, in his forty-third year. He was the eldest son of the late Mr. James Johnstone, of Alva, M.P. for Clackmannan, by the Hon. Augusta Anne Norton, his first wife, fourth daughter of the Right Hon. Fletcher Norton, Baron of the Exchequer in Scotland, and sister of the third Lord Grantley.

Mr. Thomas Truesdale Clarke of Swakeleys, Middlesex, on April 5, in his eighty-eighth year. He was educated at Harrow and Oriel College, Oxford, was a Deputy Lieutenant and a Justice of the Peace for Norfolk. In 1826 he married Jane Selina, eldest daughter of the late Hon. and Rev. William Robert Capel, Vicar of Watford, son of the fourth Earl of Essex, and had, with three daughters, an only son, Walter Capel Clark-Thornhill of Rushton Hall, Northamptonshire, and of Fixby Hall, Yorkshire, who has assumed the additional surname and arms of Thornhill.

A BAMBOO FOREST IN FORMOSA.

Our Illustrations of the scenery and natives of the Island of Formosa, furnished by the sketches of Mr. E. H. Grimani, have been accompanied by much descriptive comment. The view of a glade in the bamboo forest represents that kind of tropical vegetation, in all its luxuriance, with much fidelity to the effect of nature. An enthusiastic admirer of such exotic beauties of plant-growth, lit up by the rays of the declining sun, may be tempted to wander long in the labyrinth of enticing paths, till rising mists from the swampy ground warn him of the danger of malaria and consequent fever. It is a treacherous climate in the low-lying region of the western coast; but Formosa, "the Beautiful," as the old Spanish navigators called it, is an island abounding in scenes of loveliness and grandeur. The plains, watered by numerous clear streams and lakes, and partly under cultivation by Chinese planters, are overlooked by highland ranges, thickly wooded, which rise to mountain summits 10,000 ft. in altitude, with domed or peaked tops, walls of cliff and jutting rocks, emerging from the dense verdure of the forest. All the central highlands, and the mountainous east coast, are inhabited by savages never yet subdued, whose incursions have recently spread havoc over the civilised districts. It would demand a considerable military effort, and great administrative skill, on the part of the Chinese Imperial Government, to effect a thorough conquest of this large island.

MARRIAGES.

The marriage of Captain Leonard Russell (Rifle Brigade), second son of General Lord Alexander and Lady Alexander Russell, with Miss Agnes Lee, eldest daughter of the Rev. Godfrey Bolles Lee, M.A., Warden of Winchester College, took place on April 8 in the College Chapel. The bride, who was attended by five bridesmaids—Miss May and Miss Daisy Lee, her sisters; Miss Nelly Bosville, her cousin; Miss Lellie Russell, niece of the bridegroom; and Miss Bouverie Campbell—was given away by her father. A brother officer, Mr. R. T. Bowen (60th Rifles), was the best man.

The marriage of Mr. Francis Eden Lacey to Lady Helen Carnegie, daughter of the Earl and Countess of Northesk, was solemnised on April 9 at Owslebury Church, near Winchester. The bride was given away by her father. Four bridesmaids followed the bride to the altar—Miss Maltby, Miss Violet Kerr, Miss Olive Kerr, and Miss Nellie Kerr. Mr. H. W. Forster attended the bridegroom as best man, while the Hon. Ian Carnegie acted as his sister's trainbearer.

The marriage of the Rev. Canon Richardson, Vicar of Corwen, North Wales, and Miss Lodge, was solemnised at St. Margaret's, Westminster, on April 10, the Bishop of St. Asaph and Archdeacon Farrar officiating. The service was fully choral.

The marriage of Captain Edward Gillman, (24th) South Wales Borderers, and Nora Frances, third daughter of Mr. William Jameson, Montrose, in the county of Dublin, took place at St. Mary's, Donnybrook, on April 10. The bride was given away by her father, and attended by two bridesmaids—her sister, Miss Aileen Jameson, and her niece, Miss Gladys Eyre Crabbe. Mr. Scott, (24th) South Wales Borderers, was the best man, and the ceremony was performed by the Archbishop of Dublin, assisted by the Rev. Dr. Walsh.

The marriage of Mr. Arthur Molyneux Croome, of Radley College, with Miss Hardman, daughter of Sir William and Lady Hardman, was celebrated on April 13 in the Savoy Chapel. The Rev. Henry White, Chaplain to the Queen and to the House of Commons, officiated.

ART MAGAZINES FOR APRIL.

Mr. William Michael Rossetti contributes to the *Magazine of Art* for April an article on the portraits of Robert Browning, with engravings of several paintings and drawings of the great poet. The most interesting is, perhaps, the reproduction of the crayon drawing by Mr. Field Talfourd, now in the possession of Mr. Edmund Gosse. Mrs. Macquoid writes of Hamelin and the Pied Piper, and Mr. Macquoid's sketches of the quaint old town are most picturesque. Mr. W. Christian Symons, in "Newlyn and the Newlyn School," gives an interesting account of that rising art colony; his paper is illustrated by charming drawings by himself of the Cornish fisherfolk, and by clever portrait sketches by Mr. Hubert Vos of some of the best-known masters of the "Newlyn touch."

The *Art Journal* opens with an account of Mr. Ernest Waterlow, A.R.A., the most recently elected Associate of the Royal Academy, an etching of whose picture "Wolf! Wolf!" forms the frontispiece. Mr. Richard Keene's paper on "Old Moreton Hall" is most interesting, and the photographs with which he illustrates it are extremely good and well chosen. Mr. Henry Wallis writes an appreciative article on the Lyons Museum, and Mr. William Anderson another on "Landscape Painting in Japan."

We have received from Mr. Walery, of Regent-street, some more numbers of his *Portrait Gallery of Celebrities*. The best photographs are those of the Duke of Norfolk, Mr. Justin McCarthy, M.P., and the Duc d'Orleans.

Dignitaries of the Church, a similar publication, by Messrs. Hatchards, contains excellent photographs by Mr. Samuel Walker, of Regent-street, of the Bishop of Albany, New York, U.S.A., of Bishop Crowther, and of the Hon. and Rev. Edward Carr Glyn, Vicar of Kensington.

Mr. S. Bing's beautiful *Artistic Japan* sustains its high level of excellence, and seems in no danger of exhausting the wonderful stores of Japanese art.

An intimation has been received from the Privy Council Office that a Charter for the incorporation of the borough of Chatham has been granted.

The Royal Society for the Protection of Life from Fire has made a number of awards to those who distinguished themselves during the fire at the Forest Gate District School. Awards of medals and certificates, with a guinea added, were also made to seven police constables.

The Queen has sent £50 towards the funds of the City of London Pension Society, in response to an appeal by Mr. Sheriff Harris, who is to preside at the festival dinner on May 16 in aid of that charity, which was founded by her Majesty's father, the Duke of Kent.

The Lord Mayor has received £400 from Mr. George Vigne, to be equally divided between the Mansion House Funds for the relief of the sufferers by the recent explosions at the Ianerch and Morfa Collieries. The funds will be closed at the end of April.

Alderman R. Cory, Cardiff, has forwarded another cheque for £1000 for the North Wales Baptist Home Mission, making a gift of £2500 towards the strengthening of weak churches in Wales. Mr. Cory has also endowed the chair of the North Wales Baptist College with £2500, and has also given £3000 in aid of the funds of Mr. Spurgeon's Stockwell Orphanages.



SKETCHES IN FORMOSA: IN A BAMBOO FOREST.



"DETHRONED."—BY J. A. CLARK.

NOVELS.

The Heriots. By Sir Henry Cunningham. Three vols. (Macmillan and Co.)—The author of "Wheat and Tares," "Chronicles of Dustypore," and "The Cœruleans," formerly holding a legal or judicial office in India, has produced, at long intervals, clever and amusing literary pictures, both of Anglo-Indian life and of English society at home. Few writers have at their command a style equally distinguished by sprightly elegance and graceful vivacity, with the air of well-bred refinement and good taste which satisfies a conventional standard of propriety; and, if he lacks genuine humour, he has abundance of light and sparkling wit. In this novel, the scenes of which are laid wholly in England, partly at country gentlemen's houses, partly in London abodes and resorts of the fashionable classes, the story has enough interest to be made a narrative framework connecting many pieces of brilliant dialogue, worldly, heartless, and sometimes audacious in its spirit of persiflage, and portrait sketches intended perhaps to be typical of characters formed by the circumstances of the present day. The Heriots are an old family of rural gentry, the head of which, Sir Adrian, is an impoverished baronet of middle age, with a son Jack, fresh from Oxford, who consents to cut off the entail, and to allow the estate and mansion of Huntsham to be sold, for the payment of accumulated debts. Sir Adrian's mother, Lady Heriot, keeps a pleasant house in town, and has £50,000 at her disposal, on which bequest, hitherto tacitly understood, Sir Adrian has relied for the means of ultimately clearing off his embarrassments. But her second son, Valentine, a City merchant, is married to Isabella, daughter of a rich stucco-manufacturer, a covetous, ambitious, unscrupulous woman, stealthily intriguing to supplant the elder branch of the Heriot family by inducing the old lady to alter her will, and to leave the money to Valentine. For this purpose she artfully ingratiates herself with Lady Heriot, practises on her enfeebled mind during a prolonged illness, prevents Sir Adrian's visits to his mother, suppresses his letters, and deceives him about her condition. The mother is led to believe that Sir Adrian's difficulties are caused by his own imprudence and obstinacy, that young Jack Heriot is an idle fellow, a reckless Socialist and Revolutionist, and that Valentine only, with the aid of Lady Heriot's money at her death, could save the hereditary position of the family, now on the brink of ruin.

This plot, skilfully developed, by a very possible combination of domestic incidents, to its climax at the old lady's deathbed, is yet less calculated to engage our cordial interest than the experiences of a bright, good, and lovely girl, Olivia Hillyard, daughter of a poor country clergyman, in her childhood the frank playfellow of the boy Jack Heriot, and the object of his ardent affection in early manhood. Losing her father, and being motherless, she has tried living as governess to rude and stupid children with cold-hearted relatives in a dull manufacturing town, but has gratefully accepted an invitation from old Lady Heriot to reside with her in London. There she has met people of rank and distinction, among whom, by her mental accomplishments, her grace and beauty, and the charm of her ingenuous character, she has found several attentive friends. Mr. Claude De Renzi, M.P., a rising politician, son of Sir Raphael De Renzi, whose position is like that of one of the Rothschilds, becomes her particular admirer. When old Lady Heriot dies, it occurs to the scheming mind of Mrs. Valentine Heriot, who has no daughters and but one infant boy, that Olivia, already known and regarded with favour in London society, will be an attractive ornament of her own household, and that to arrange for marrying her to De Renzi, with his shining figure and rich prospects, will be a grand social achievement. Olivia then goes to live with the Valentine Heriots, is provided with dresses and jewellery, carried to dinner-parties and balls, and sees much gay company whose talk and manners she cannot approve, having still, as she quietly avows, "a little of the Puritan" in her heart. But fascinated by the showy qualities of De Renzi, by the growing reputation of his public career, and by the chivalrous tone of his address to herself, yielding also, with some doubts and fears, to the importunities of Mrs. Valentine, she consents to an engagement. His father's stern refusal to allow him to marry a penniless girl is overcome by a lucky business chance enabling Mrs. Valentine to negotiate a lucrative transaction, the floating of a great Limited Liability Company, between her father, Mr. Goldingham, and Sir Raphael De Renzi. The intended marriage is widely known; Olivia receives a multitude of compliments and gifts; she ought to be proud and happy; but her mind is not quite at ease. Conscience, purity of moral sense, religious impressions, intellectual culture, good taste, maidenly and womanly feeling, the best affections of her nature, the habits of her home training, are too often hurt by the conversation and behaviour of a set of people whose vehement mammon-worship, vulgar display of riches, prodigal luxury, frivolous and indelicate talk of scandal, are to her profoundly repulsive. The moral crisis arrives when, going with a large party to a picnic luncheon on the banks of the Thames, she overhears sneering hints from which she discovers that De Renzi, immediately before his engagement to her, was carrying on a notorious flirtation with a married woman. Olivia hereupon, without giving herself any airs of superiority, or pretending to be injured and indignant, begs leave to withdraw from her splendid engagement. The sequel of her story, as may readily be imagined, connects itself with a restoration of fortune to her true lover, Jack Heriot, and to Sir Adrian, by the disclosure of some facts concerning old Lady Heriot's will.

The Gold of Ophir. By Elizabeth Lysaght. Three vols. (Ward and Downey.)—Two cousins, bearing the same name, James Ardell, very much alike in figure and face, but very different in character, were travelling together in Switzerland. The good James Ardell was the son of a brave Captain Charles Ardell, who was long ago drowned, with his wife, by shipwreck on the voyage home from India. The bad James Ardell was the son of a half-brother of Captain Ardell, a clergyman in Yorkshire who married a rich lady, and a selfish, cunning trickster. Both the young men were short of money, the one being a poor rambling artist, the other having squandered all he could get from his parents until the Rev. Thomas Ardell cut off his allowance. Their grandfather, the late Squire of Ardell Grove, Leamshire, had ruined his fortunes by neglect, and sold the fine old mansion and estate. But they had an Uncle John in Australia, who had for twenty years past endured a hard-struggling, obscure, and shifty life, and whom the Rev. Thomas Ardell, though comparatively wealthy, never cared to help though starving. This John Ardell, in his old age, has suddenly become a millionaire by his lucky possession of a bit of land on which the famous Ophir gold-mine is opened. He has resolved to come home and repurchase the old family estate, and to bequeath it to the son of his dear lost brother Charles, who should have been the natural heir.

In the sequestered Swiss village of St. Johann there is a singular ancient communal institution. Centuries have passed since a noble family, one of whose members, supposed dead of the plague, narrowly escaped burying alive, endowed the

municipality with a fund to provide a mortuary chamber and watchmen by day and night, for the corpses of all who died in the village to be kept two days before interment. The opening chapter of this story describes the silent vigil over several bodies laid in this sad repository, previously to being carried to the grave. One of them is that of one James Ardell, who, with his cousin and namesake, has suffered a disaster by the fall of a bridge. The one, struck on the head by a piece of the falling structure, is apparently lifeless; the other, who has only a sprained hand, arranges for the funeral, pays handsomely, and hastily departs, leaving word that the man killed was Mr. James Ardell, "son of the Rev. Thomas Ardell," but without his address in England.

It is in England, partly in London, once or twice at the Rectory in Yorkshire, but chiefly in the neighbourhood of Ardell Grove and the small country town of Greyhaven, that the main business of the story is performed. A retired solicitor named Barton, the oldest living friend of John Ardell, has made his home, with a daughter and her maiden aunt, in Cedar Cottage, adjacent to the fine wooded park which is now, by means of "the gold of Ophir," restored to the ownership of one of the old family. John Ardell, a world-worn sexagenarian, not over-sanguine, but true-hearted, upright, and generous, with simple and rustic tastes, has received the bad James Ardell, who returned from the tour in Switzerland claiming to be the son of Captain Charles Ardell. This young gentleman, now the adopted son and promised heir of his immensely rich uncle, is twenty-eight years of age, handsome, polite, fascinating, a heartless libertine, a reckless gambler, and privately married to an actress at San Francisco. He shows a locket containing miniature portraits of his pretended parents, Charles Ardell and the wife of Charles; but he is really the disgraced son of the Rev. Thomas Ardell, who has lost sight of him and is no party to the fraud. With plenty of money from the ample purse of Uncle John, he revels in self-indulgence, and soon expects a splendid inheritance, the old man having fancied symptoms of heart-disease. A sweet girl, Margaret or Peggy Barton, at Cedar Cottage, fondly remembers one James Ardell with whom, three years ago, she joined in private theatricals during a visit to a country house, but she perceives that the adopted heir of the rich neighbour is the other James Ardell; only she does not know which is which, nor does anybody else, while the artful deception is kept up. The plausible impostor, to hoodwink and gratify his uncle, who would like him to marry Miss Barton, and in some degree also for his own amusement and vanity, pays her many attentions, but does not mean to commit himself seriously, or to risk the punishment of bigamy, knowing that his legal wife in America is yet alive.

Our readers, to whom we commend the reading of this rather clever novel, will surely agree in desiring the ultimate exposure and condign rebuke of this abominable course of trickery. It is effected, in the first instance, not by the impostor happening to meet his own worthy father, the hypocritical clergyman—he takes care to avoid that—but in a dramatic manner, by the arrival of his deserted American wife, a fairly honest, affectionate, much-injured woman, behaving with proper spirit. The most romantic part of the tale, anticipated from an early period, remains to be told. The real object of the rich uncle's intended kindness, the good James Ardell, the noble and virtuous cousin of the profligate scamp, who also bore that name, and who was like him in outward aspect, has not died after all. Reviving from concussion of the brain in the dead-house at St. Johann, in time to be saved from burial, he was carefully tended for many months by a pious old woman, Madame Enderlin, a very angel of charity; but his memory was gone, and he could give no account of himself, seeming to be afflicted with lifelong idiocy, till a great Paris physician, hearing of the case, managed to restore his mental powers. Now he comes to England, presents himself to the family solicitor, meets Peggy Barton, and renews the love-passages which she has faithfully cherished in her gentle heart. He is introduced to John Ardell, who accepts this genuine son of the beloved and lamented Charles with unbounded confidence and joy, turning out the false pretender; but that rascal is let off too easily for his multiplied misdeeds.

"The Gold of Ophir" will be read with interest, though it is but second-rate in literary merit. Novelists must use devices which cannot always be novel. Auriferous Australian uncles are now often turning up in fiction; and the Tiebome claimant set an example for many stories of the personation of supposed dead heirs to English wealth and rank.

The Emancipated. By George Gissing. Three vols. (R. Bentley and Son.)—It will be readily understood that the title of Mr. Gissing's novel is meant to signify an attempt to illustrate, by a story of modern social and domestic life, some likely effects of a recent intellectual movement altering the standards of faith and duty. Much part of the vague apprehensions that are frequently expressed on this score, as if serious freethinking on questions of religion and morality were necessarily attended with licentious conduct, might be spared, to a candid and charitable judgment, by recognising the possibility of earnest minds which have deliberately quitted the orthodox position having found other valid sanctions for imperative rules of just and virtuous conduct. As a novelist thoughtfully observing and describing the actual processes of mental change going on at the present time, the author of "Demos," "Thyrza," and "The Nether World" is not called upon to denounce or to commend those tendencies which every preacher, moral essayist, or professional guide, on one side or the other, undertakes to estimate from his didactic standpoint. Speculative truth can never be safely disposed of by a work of fiction, designed either to show the practical bad consequences of holding erroneous views, or, conversely, to exhibit noble personal characters uninjured by the reception of heterodox opinion. The better we know mankind as they really are, the more easily do we perceive that very good men and women can long entertain the most absurd beliefs, and that some who zealously maintain what seems to be the right doctrine are nowise superior in spirit or in behaviour.

The precise ground and range of those views which Mr. Gissing intends to represent in operation among the chief personages of this story, calling them "The Emancipated," cannot be identified with any set of opinions hitherto acknowledged as prevailing in respectable English society. There are some people who have left off going to church; or who, like Mrs. Baske, after her Neapolitan experiences and her studies of art and literature, give up the Dissenting chapel at Bartles; there are some who admit a sceptical criticism of the historical Scriptures, and who do not conceive of Inspiration, or of Revelation, from the orthodox point of view. If such persons are to form a class ironically called "the Emancipated," or sincerely considering themselves to be so, there is still no warrant for ascribing to them an injurious affinity with other persons who have lax notions about marriage, who have no sense of honour, fidelity, or integrity, who deny all moral responsibility, who are selfish, idle, profligate, and deceitful. Mr. Reuben Elgar, the brother of Mrs. Baske, is a

sheer blackguard of the latter description, whereas she, educated in a narrow Puritanism, becomes wisely tolerant and gentle, devoting the leisure of her widowhood to a liberal self-culture, and finally marries the high-minded, conscientious, sagacious Mallard, a type of stern veracity and rigorous honesty, equally one of the "Emancipated" class. We fail to see that in the behaviour and lives of these persons, or of Cecily Doran, the youthful beauty and heiress, who imprudently runs away with Elgar from her guardian and her aunt, and becomes the unhappy wife of a dissolute scoundrel, there is any common ground of action furnished by their opinions concerning the Church and the Bible. Ross Mallard is as good a man, and Miriam Baske as good a woman, before and after the change of opinion in the mind of the latter, as one would be likely to meet in any sect of religionists; Cecily, a charming, generous, enthusiastic girl, afterwards sorely tried by a vicious husband, is scrupulously faithful to conjugal duty. If they had all remained punctual churchgoers, and had never read a word of modern science or philosophy, it does not appear manifest that their conduct in domestic and social relations would have been much better than it was. On the other hand, such a man as Elgar, an utter egotist, a base sensualist, with vanity enough to affect lofty sentiments and win the admiration of ignorant young women, a reckless spendthrift, libertine, and gambler, wasting his friends' money, excusing himself by gross falsehoods, idling away his manhood, inveigling an orphan heiress, then treating his wife with cool neglect, and sinking into the coarsest kind of vulgar vice, is not the product of "advanced thought" in our age. His stale and hollow pretext that "one cannot help being what one is," and that there is no moral responsibility, no merit or blame, for what one does, has in all ages been the natural sophistry of self-indulgence, and often compatible with the profession of a reputed orthodox creed.

It does not appear, therefore, how, or from what obligations of morality, any of these different characters are "emancipated"; and in the cases of Mallard and Cecily, at any rate, there are no signs of a reaction from earlier religious impressions. They have, from independent reflection, and by force of ideal or spiritual aspiration, reached a high standard of life: Mallard is a hero of constancy in unselfish friendship; she is a dignified martyr of misplaced womanly affection, still preserving her true self-respect. Miriam Baske, indeed, emerges by intellectual culture from the ignorant prejudices which forbade her to appreciate Greek sculpture and Italian painting, to enjoy music, poetry, and the drama, and to look with toleration on the manners of foreign nations. She is emancipated also from the harshness, the Pharisaic pride, the personal jealousy, which had been fostered by her individual position as the notable patroness of a petty sectarian congregation in an obscure provincial town. None of these examples would seem to have any significance in estimating the value of those controversies, theological or philosophical, critical or scientific, to which reference is made or implied in some passages of the dialogue. The story is one of independent personal characters, mutually influencing each other, of sympathies and antipathies, mistaken interpretations of behaviour, one deplorable act of rashness on the part of an innocent girl, its expiation by severe distress, and some pathetic scenes of patient suffering, with the touching death of Madeline Denyer, at whose bedside Cecily almost forgets her own private sorrow. Regarded in this light, Mr. Gissing's latest work is one of his best, and we commend it to discriminating readers.

Hauntings: Fantastic Stories. By Vernon Lee. (W. Heinemann.)—There is a cloying over-ripeness of curiously mixed flavours, as of preserved fruit-syrups, dashed with rare exotic spices contrary to just rules of confectionery, in the imaginative writings of this clever and learned lady. "Vernon Lee's" critical and historical studies of Italian art, romance, and poetry, indeed of all the social and intellectual influences of the "Renaissance" in Europe, and those of a later period which may be styled the "Rococo," extending into the eighteenth century, are both accurate in detail and inspired by true æsthetic insight. Her dialogues on ethical and metaphysical problems are not less interesting, though somewhat tinctured with the pessimist philosophy which ignores the ultimate spiritual aims of human life. In her works of fiction, and especially in such tales as these, bordering on the domain of superstition, a powerful fancy broods over situations conceived with originality of invention, and forcibly narrated, but leaving the impression of a sinister fatalism, instead of letting in the open daylight. One is disagreeably "haunted," in each instance, by apparitions of bad and mad women, demons of female beauty, who compass the destruction of men; and Love is exhibited, as the ascetic insanity of some fanatical monks formerly represented it, chiefly in the guise of a diabolical sorcery, worse than the pernicious abuse of this sentiment by the world and the flesh. This unwholesome and ungrateful perversion of the essential topic of romantic stories is inexorably carried through the short tales of "Amour Dure," "Dionea," and "Oke of Okehurst," with a thrilling intensity of passion, craving its gratification beyond what is natural and simple, which is not licentiousness, but madness. The types of feminine seduction are Medea da Carpi, an adulteress and murderess of the sixteenth century, whose ghost reappears to perplex the soul of an enthusiastic young student of Italian history; Dionea, a stray Greek girl of unknown parentage, cast up by the sea on the Riviera, whose charms, when she sits as a model for Venus in the studio of a German sculptor, delude him to frenzy and suicide; and Mrs. Oke, the dreamy, crazy, self-adoring wife of an honest country gentleman, cultivating the wild notion of her own identity with a guilty and unhappy ancestress who bore the same name of Alice Oke. A violent death is, in each case, the result of these fatal prepossessions, which seem to originate either in a mystical idea of heredity, or of the predestination of individual lives by the transcendental power of the Past, or in sheer witchcraft and demoniacal agency. Even more fantastic is the necromantic story of "A Wicked Voice," in which the scene is laid in Venice, and the evil agent is the spirit of a long-deceased famous singer, whose vocal music could exert the direst spell of fascination, delighting, alluring, and finally killing those who heard his siren strain. We cannot advise persons of weak nerves to peruse these marvellous but uncomfortable tales.

Mr. T. Hastings Lees has been elected Chief Constable of the Isle of Wight. Mr. Lees was formerly Chief Constable of Northamptonshire, and is a barrister on the Midland Circuit.

The formal election of Dr. Brooke Foss Westcott, as Bishop of Durham, took place on April 11 at a special meeting of the Chapter, held at the Cathedral Chapter House, Dean Lane presiding. The consecration ceremony will take place in Westminster Abbey.

Four cyclists, riding by turns one machine, accomplished the journey from the White Horse Cellars to Brighton and back in 7 hr. 25 min. 15 sec., being 6½ min. faster than had ever been done before. It will be remembered that the late Mr. Selby, driving the "Old Times" coach, made the same journey in 7 hr. 50 min.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

TEETH.

If one were asked to construct a category of his bodily belongings, it is more than likely he would classify teeth with bones. There would seem, at first sight, ample grounds for thus placing teeth among the skeletal elements of our frames. They are certainly hard and bone-like, and they are attached to bones in an intimate fashion enough; yet, for all that, they are not bones in any sense, and are far removed from the category of the parts which claim kindred with skull and spine. The true test of the nature of anything living, is to be found in its development. Indeed, as applied to things which are not living, or to things of human manufacture, this aphorism applies with equal force. What a tooth really is (as we shall presently note) can only be settled by watching it grow; and I apprehend it is undeniable that a pin or a pen may be best understood after it has been traced through the manifold processes and operations whereby the piece of steel or iron is changed from its raw rough state into the manufactured product. This is only another way of saying that the development or "becoming" of an animal or plant repeats and reproduces for us the history of its race; and that, at least, has grown to be a fixed axiom of natural history science. Applied to our tooth, let us see what information about the nature of that structure its birth and begetting may afford.

The first indications of the teeth are found in a groove which is formed along the jaw in the situation to be occupied by the future dental supply. From the floor of this groove spring as many little projections (or *papilla*) as there are to be teeth. Each papilla is really a little mould on which the tooth grows, and later on we find the groove closing above to form a tube, while it becomes also divided crosswise, so that each papilla comes to be contained within a separate little cavity or "tooth-sac." Meanwhile, certain important changes are occurring in the tooth-sac at its upper portion. A curious growth begins to appear above the tooth-papilla, and this dives downwards to meet the latter structure. The new growth is the enamel-germ of the tooth, which finally forms a kind of cap on the top of the papilla, and is then known as the enamel organ. Meanwhile, on the papilla the dentine, or ivory-substance of the tooth, has been forming. Blood-vessels, plentifully supplied to the little projection, bring the mineral matters required for the building of the tooth. Finally, we find the papilla itself to be converted into the pulp of the future tooth; and when its development has been completed we see the tooth appearing above its sac in the gum, and duly located in its socket in the jaw. Its body consists of ivory; its top has been covered with bright shining enamel by the enamel-organ; while internally it is nourished by the delicate pulp (formerly the papilla), and thuswise tooth-development is completed. The first teeth, formed in this way, are succeeded, as everybody knows, by a second set. The second teeth, however, grow in similar fashion to their predecessors. There appear little cavities, or sacs, at the sides of those in which the first teeth grow; and in these second sacs the germs of the permanent teeth begin to be developed. Thus our second teeth are being formed and prepared long before our first teeth are ready to take their departure. When the latter begin to drop out, their successors push their way to the front to occupy the vacant places. The work of getting rid of our first teeth is hastened not only by their natural degeneration, but also by the action of special microscopic cells or masses of living matter, which actually eat up the substance of the fangs, and thus, like hidden enemies, contrive the destruction of the useless parts.

How, it may be asked, does this curious history of tooth-making teach us the nature of our teeth? The answer to this question is readily forthcoming. We may primarily note the nature of the structure which forms the tooth. This structure is the papilla itself, and this, in turn, it is clear is simply part and parcel of the skin of the body folded inwards at the mouth, and made more delicate as becomes its altered situation. Teeth are, therefore, truly skin-structures. They are produced by a skin-layer, and, if they are parts of the skeleton at all, it is certain they must belong to the outer or skin-skeleton, and not to the true or bony parts of our frames. But an outer skeleton is as much a reality of animal bodies as are the bones. Think of the scales of fishes, the armour of the crocodile, or, in our own class, of the armadillo with its bony plates, and the pangolin with its scales. Or, turning to ourselves, what are nails and hairs but parts of the outer skeleton, and, as such, formed by the skin-layers? Teeth, then, although produced by a deeper layer of the skin than that which gives origin to nails and hairs, are really first cousins to these structures, and in the list of relatives of our teeth we may also rank and include the feathers of birds. In truth, the real difference between nails, hairs, and feathers, on the one hand, and teeth on the other, is not so much a variation in the manner of making them, but one in the way of material. The feather, nail, and hair are all horny in nature; while the tooth, as we have seen, is of mineral composition; yet their likeness in point of development is so close that no doubt of close relationship of all four structures can be entertained.

In other respects than that presented by their manner of making, teeth offer a curious study. We possess two sets, it is true; but when we lose any of the members of our second set the dentist has to be called in to supplement by the exercise of his art the deficiencies of nature or of disease. Not so is it with many of our lower neighbours. The fishes, for instance, not only possess teeth, as a rule, on every bone which enters into the composition of the mouth, but show an endless succession of these organs. Whole crops of new teeth replace the old or worn-out ones as long as the fish lives. That staid reptile the crocodile, is provided with a similarly plentiful tooth-supply, since we find tooth after tooth being formed from below upwards in its jaws, and the germs of future teeth may be seen, two and three deep, long before the tooth in existence (which these germs are destined to replace) has come to the end of its tether. Human deficiencies in the way of

teeth, however, hardly end thus. For, if all stories be true, the man of the future will possess at least four teeth fewer than we exhibit to-day. In our full set we possess thirty-two teeth, sixteen in each jaw, and of these the last or hindmost grinders are known as the "wisdom teeth," presumably from a somewhat sarcastic notion that their advent (often delayed till very late in life) is contemporaneous with the acquirement of mental wariness and intellectual worth.

Now, it is pretty certain that the wisdom teeth of civilised races are showing signs and symptoms not only of premature decay but likewise of abortive development. That is to say, they exhibit a tendency to come to nothing in the way of development. They often appear as mere vestiges of respectable teeth, and are extracted without difficulty. So, also, they will persist in coming into the jaw when their twenty-eight predecessors are all comfortably settled. Like the entrance of a fat man into an omnibus which is already comfortably filled, under the conductor's chronic delusion that there is "room for one," the wisdom teeth as often as not upset the harmony of the whole set. There is no room for them in the jaw, which is being shortened as becomes civilisation, and the last molars are therefore taking to themselves the hint, and making themselves scarce, with as good a grace as they may. What the man of the future will be like, nobody (save certain ardent biologists) can presume to say; but I believe a period is predicted for us when our race—I am glad to think I need not say "we" personally—will be both toothless and hairless, when our nutriment will consist of concentrated liquid foods only (Bovril will have its great era then), and when we shall possess more brain and less body than now. Mr. Du Maurier may find a topic for his pencil in depicting this view of the man of the future. He will not be a pretty animal, and possibly his philosophy and his brain-swelling will make him decidedly plain in appearance. If such be the state of things predicted by science and heralded by the disappearance of our wisdom teeth, let us at least be thankful that we shall not be there to see.

ANDREW WILSON.

THE JUNGFRAU RAILWAY.

The projected railway to the summit of the Jungfrau mountain will surpass all existing works of this kind. It was first



THE PROPOSED RAILWAY UP THE JUNGFRAU, SWITZERLAND.

proposed by Herr Köchlin, of Lucerne, who assisted M. Eiffel in building the lofty tower in Paris; but the plans of actual preparation have been entrusted to Colonel Locher, also of Lucerne, the constructor of the Mount Pilatus Railway, of which we gave some illustrations last year.

This line was to have been an open-air one as far as the line of perpetual snow, and thence a tunnel to the summits; but Herr Trautweiler intends to build a line entirely in the rim of the mountain, from the bottom of the valley to the top, in order that it may be completely safe from storms, avalanches, and landslips. For the starting terminus the western slope has been selected, this being very steep, which will shorten the tunnel. It is intended to pierce it as close to the surface of the mountain as possible, in order that transverse galleries may be drilled, through which the debris can be shot.

The line will start from Stegmatten, about two miles beyond Lauterbrunnen, and 2800 ft. above the level of the sea, whence it will run in a south-easterly direction in nearly a straight line, under the "Schwarz Mönch" and the "Silver Horn," to the summit, the length being estimated at 21,450 ft.

The entire line will be worked upon the cable-hauling system, divided into four sections with different declivity. There will be three stations within the mountain, as indicated in our illustration, at the altitudes, respectively, of 5600 ft., 8900 ft., and 12,200 ft., at which last elevation will be constructed a platform for viewing the magnificent scenery.

The incline of the first tunnel, the steepest, will be 98 per cent; that of the second 48, the third 67, and the fourth 33 per cent. The summit station will be situated at an altitude of 13,600 ft., and this will be one of the loftiest railway-stations in the world. Each tunnel will be about 9½ ft. in height and 9 ft. in breadth, and lined with bricks.

By these reduced dimensions the cost of the railway will be greatly diminished. The quantity of rock to be removed is thirteen times that removed in the St. Gothard Tunnel. On the side of the track steps will be cut in the rock, where the declivity is over fifty per cent, with recesses and seats at intervals, enabling persons to pass up and down. Both at the top and bottom there will be restaurants, &c., the former in a cellar cut out of the rock.

The cost of the whole undertaking is estimated at about £240,000, and the period of construction at five years.

Our illustration is engraved from a tracing by Mr. S. Simon, of Basel, assistant engineer to Herr Trautweiler.

AN AUSTRALIAN MISSION STATION.

The traveller from Western Queensland, wishing to arrive at one of the northern stations on the rapidly growing Transcontinental railway line of the neighbouring colony of South Australia, generally takes the track known as the Birdsville (Queensland) and Hergott Road. The distance between these two places is about 450 miles, and the country traversed is part of the dreary waste known as Sturt's Stony Desert. A little over one hundred miles from the railway line this road passes near to the only successful missionary station among the aborigines in Australia: it is situated on the shores of a great lake named Killalpininna.

This missionary station has been carried on, for more than twenty years, by the South Australian branch of the German Lutheran Church, with funds supplied entirely by countrymen of the great reformer. It is seldom visited by travellers; for the condition of the fast-disappearing aboriginal inhabitants of Australia is generally voted distasteful and tiresome by English colonists. Our correspondent, Mr. A. J. Vogan, of the Sydney Royal Geographical Society, having stayed at the station a few days, found it an opportunity of learning something of the possibility of improving the condition of the much-abused native race.

The head station of the Mission consists of some twenty buildings, including a good-sized chapel, erected on the brow of one of those great sandhills that run to the lake above named from the dreary undulating wilds of sandhill country that stretches northwards and southwards, along the side of Sturt's Desert, many hundreds of miles. A more desolate place for a permanent residence can hardly be imagined than that in which the hardworking, self-sacrificing German (Bavarian) missionaries are dwelling. Close by, however, is the tree-covered bed of the sometimes-flowing, meandering Cooper Creek, which on rare occasions, once perhaps in eight or ten years, comes down in sufficient force to fill the adjacent lakes, Killalpininna and Kopperamanna, with fresh water. These big water-holes otherwise gradually, in four or five years, become too saline for household or stock purposes. Among the box-trees (eucalypti) of Cooper Creek, the eye is refreshed with the sight of grass and shade. The station buildings form a foreign-looking little village of mud-built huts; some of these

are thatched with rushes; some roofed with unpicturesque but more serviceable galvanised iron. One is the chapel, built of bricks made of mud, mixed with rushes, dried in the sun. Another is the residence of Mr. J. Flierl, the manager and head missionary of the station. Around are the houses of the white and native station hands.

The history of this Mission—commenced above twenty years ago by Mr. Vogelsang and Mr. Jakob—has been, and is, one of enduring courage, industry, and perseverance against continual difficulties and obstacles. It has been made a success. Mr. Vogan felt it almost startling to see the happy, intelligent, in some cases handsome faces of the Killalpininna blacks. The native children, by-the-bye, are nearly always beautiful, as though by descent from a superior race. One gets so accustomed to look upon the natives as mere animals when among the European squatters in the back country that to find people of that race able to converse, to argue, and to work just as well as a superior white man was quite a revelation.

The Killalpininna station, as at present carried on, is more a training-school for teachers, who will presently start new missions, than a mission station proper. It is a nucleus, from which other centres of enlightenment are

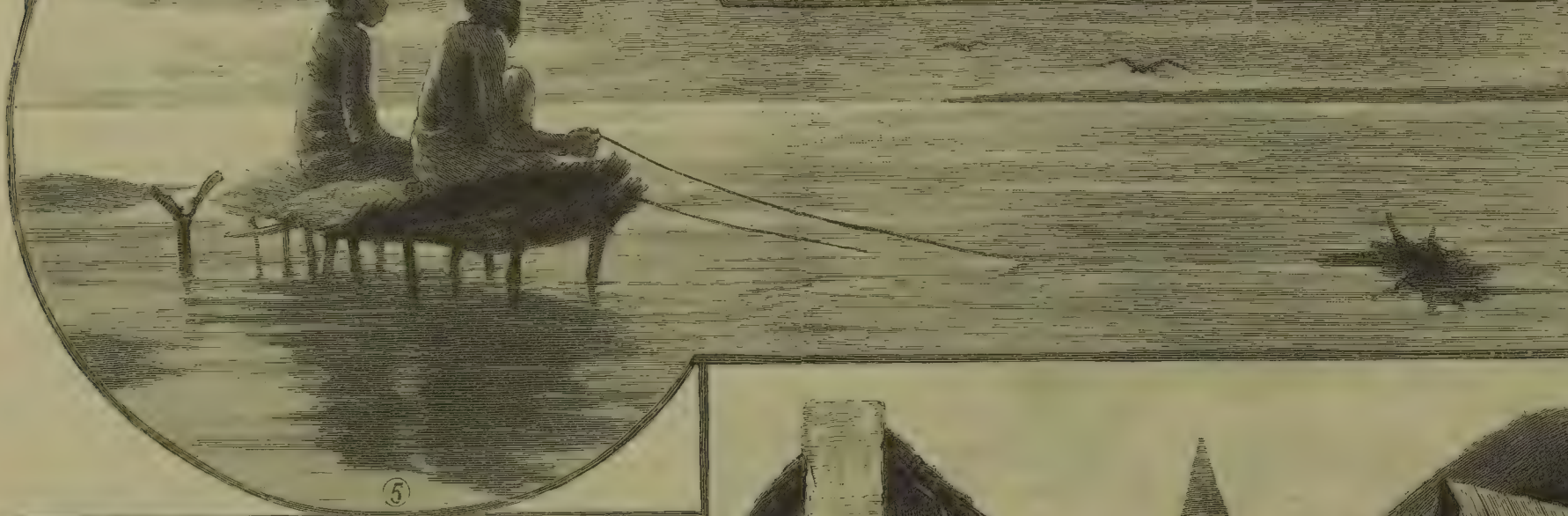
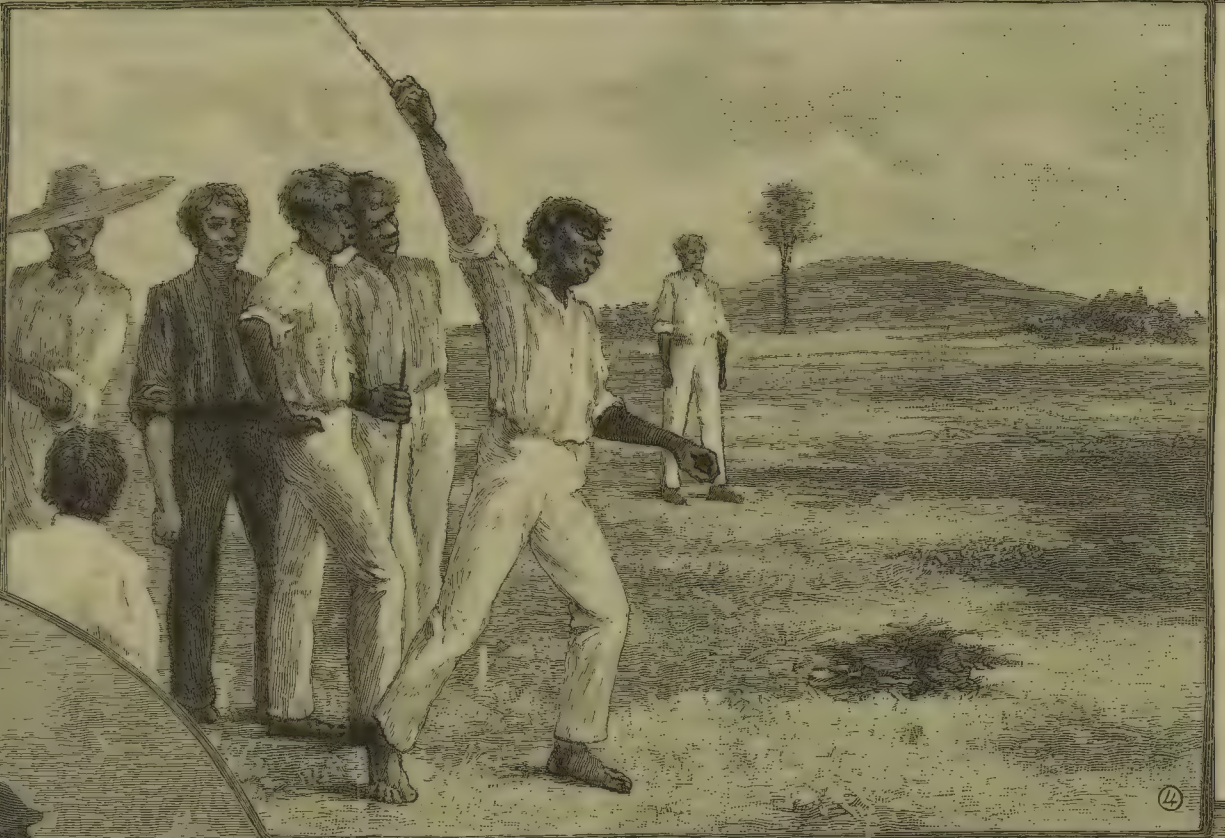
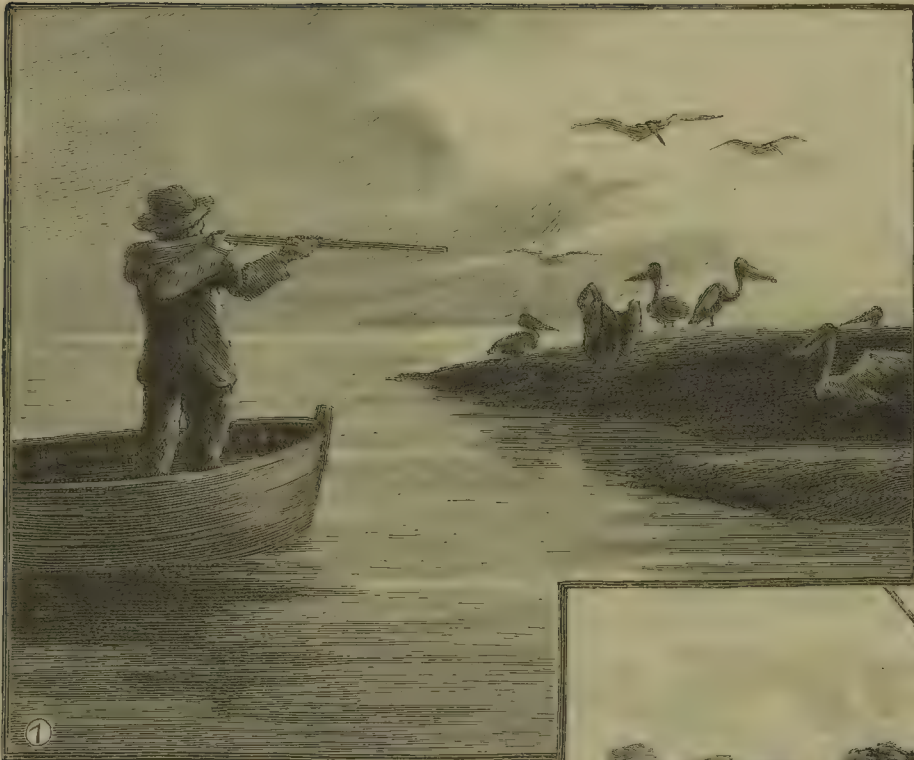
formed. But it still performs much bonâ-fide mission work, and does an immense amount of good as a harbour of refuge, to which natives can escape from the cruelty and misery they would otherwise endure. There were 141 able-bodied natives on the run at the time of Mr. Vogan's visit, supported by the Mission, and thirty-seven old and infirm blacks maintained by Government. Only eighteen natives, men and women, however, are really employed on this station. The South Australian Government has granted a hundred square miles of land as a native reserve; and the Lutheran Church committee have leased 346 square miles in the vicinity. As there are now 14,000 sheep, 200 heads of stock, 200 goats, and over fifty horses on the run, the Mission is not only self-supporting, but has enabled the committee to start two other mission stations in Northern Queensland, one at Cape Bedford, another on the Blomfield River. The great difficulties at present in the way of permanently improving the position of the natives appear to be: first, their nomadic, restless habits; secondly, the temptations held out to them to leave the station by the surrounding whites; and, lastly, the "sly-grog shanties," along the main cattle and coach road to Hergott.

The natives of Australia have few games; but one of these, called "Kokoo," they are very fond of. The mission boys were constantly at it after work hours and on Sunday afternoon. The game consists of flinging a wooden club-pointed dart, so that it glances over the surface of the level ground, from a spot marked by laying down a bunch of leaves, to a great distance forward.

Pelicans, black swans, and numerous varieties of ducks haunt the lakes near the station, and are horribly tame. The pelican, especially, attracts the aim of the rarely passing sportsman. But the shores of those remote lakes, Killalpininna, Kopperamanna, and Tidnacoorooninna, are trodden by few of the Australian colonists, and their strange names are little known beyond this region.

The bâton that belonged to the famous Field-Marshal Radetzky has been stolen from the case in the Vienna Military Museum, in which it was exposed. The bâton is of solid gold, ornamented with precious stones.

The annual dinner of the friends of the London General Porters' Benevolent Association took place on April 11 at the Hôtel Métropole, under the presidency of Mr. James Cundy, of the firm of Messrs. Dent, Allcroft, and Co. The total of the contributions, including the chairman's list, amounting to £1228, was £2724.

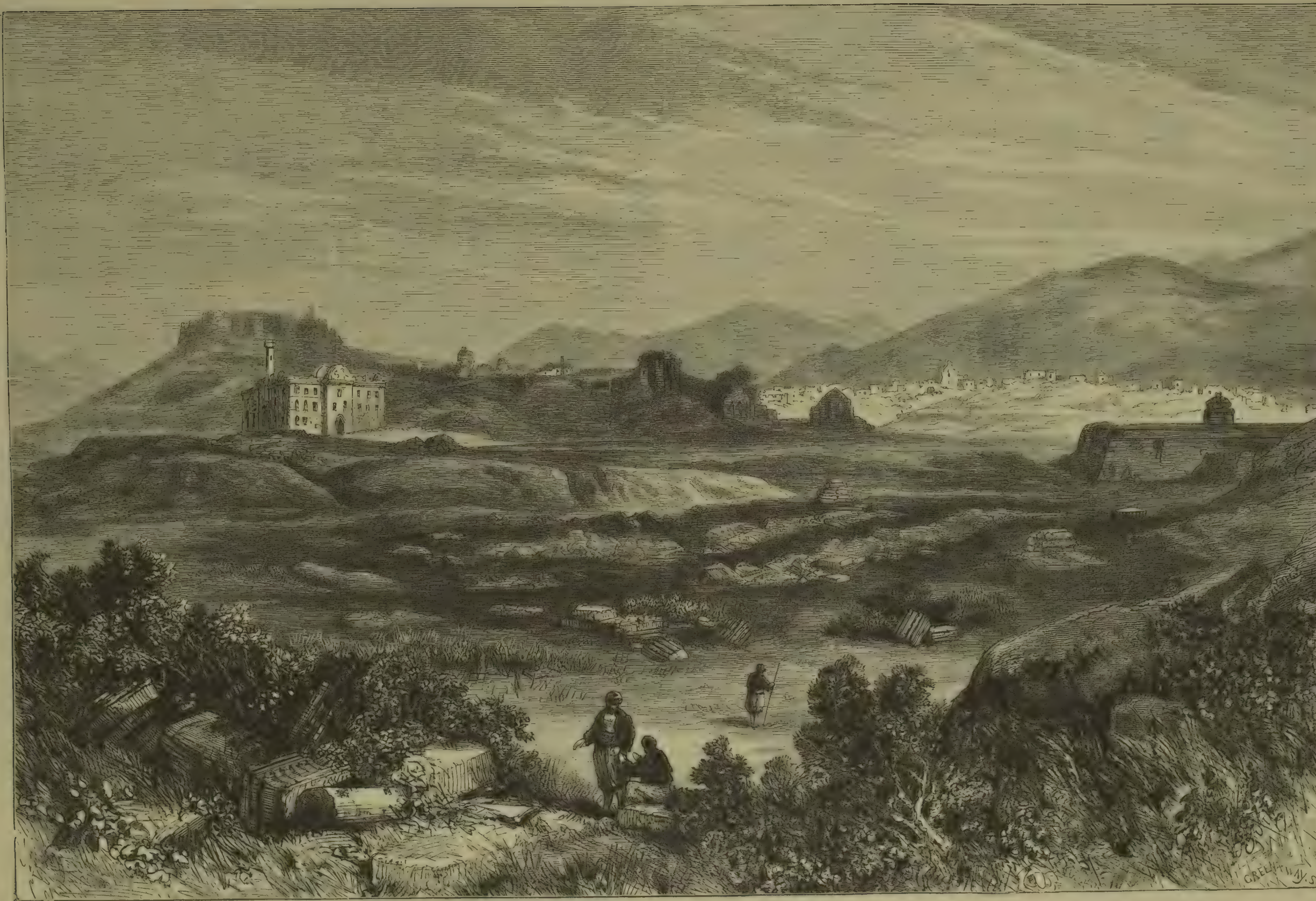


1. Shooting Pelicans on Lake Killalpininna.
5. Natives Fishing on Lake Killalpininna.

2. The Government Well, near Lake Tidnacoordooinna.
6. Government House, Residence of the Chief Missionary.

3. Dead Pelican.
4. Boys of Mission Station playing "Kokoo."
7. Old Part of Mission Station.

SKETCHES AT AN AUSTRALIAN MISSION STATION.—BY MR. A. J. VOGAN.



SITE OF THE TEMPLE OF DIANA AT EPHEBUS, EXPLORED BY THE LATE MR. J. T. WOOD.

THE TEMPLE OF DIANA AT EPHEBUS.

The recent death of Mr. John T. Wood, a zealous archaeological explorer to whom we are especially indebted for interesting discoveries of the topography and architecture of ancient Ephesus, is a fit occasion for presenting to our readers the view of what remains of the famous Temple, whose customary worship, of a peculiar local character, has an important place in the history of the earliest teachings of Christianity, "to the Jews first, and afterwards to the Gentiles," by the world's great Apostle, St. Paul. Mr. Wood, who was born in London in 1821, was educated as an architect, and frequently exhibited designs at the Royal Academy. He went out to Smyrna in 1857 as architect to the Smyrna and Aidin Railway, but after a year's service abandoned this employment and began excavations at Ephesus for the discovery of the Temple of Diana. Although he failed at the time in this enterprise, he succeeded in finding the theatre of the city and the Odeum. His funds being exhausted, he returned to England. Having met with adequate support, however, in 1863 he again went out to Ephesus, where, after long excavations, he came upon the Great Temple, 22 ft. below the surface. By 1874 Mr. Wood had uncovered the whole site of the Temple, demonstrating that three temples had successively stood upon the site, and that within the last structure a Christian church had been erected. Several sculptures which he secured are now in the British Museum. The results of Mr. Wood's explorations were published in his "Discoveries at Ephesus," issued in 1877. His health was permanently injured by his researches, in which he spent a large part of his private fortune.

Ephesus, a great commercial city on the banks of the Cayster, near its outlet to the Aegean Sea, was founded by Ionian Greek colonists in prehistoric ages, and was, at different periods, subject to the kingdom of Lydia, to the Persian Empire, to the Athenian Federal Dominion, to the Macedonian rulers after Alexander, to Pergamus, and to the Roman Empire, under which last it became the political capital of the province of Asia, then including no more than what is now sometimes called Asia Minor. Its inhabitants were a rich trading community of mixed nationality, using the Greek language, and retaining some Greek institutions of municipal self-government, but in their manners and ideas, especially in the established religious worship, cherishing Asiatic rather than Hellenic traditions. Their tutelary goddess, although called by Ephesian Greeks with the classical name of "Artemis," to which "Diana" corresponds in Latin, was utterly dissimilar to the Hellenic conception of the austere Virgin, the solitary Huntress, walking over the forest-clad mountains with her silver bow, as the Moon walks over the sky. The primitive Asiatic nation of that country, probably of Phrygian race, worshipped a personification of the manifold fecundity of Nature in the figure of a monstrous woman, not unlike one of the goddesses of Indian mythology, with five or six bosoms and rows of pendulous paps, attired in robes covered with an embroidery of trees, flowers, fruits, and animals, and bearing on her head a full measure of corn. She was the Mother of all Life, certainly not a Virgin Goddess. There was once, it is said, a statue of this mystic personage, an ugly thing of black wood, shapeless as to the feet and legs, and of the rudest archaic workmanship, supposed to have been miraculously sent down from heaven, and sacredly preserved by a college of priests at Ephesus. As the populace were fond of this peculiar deity, and the city and its royal patrons gathered immense wealth from trade and taxes, "Diana of the Ephesians" had one of the grandest temples in the world, rebuilt on four occasions, with increased magnificence. The Temple was also used as a Bank, merchants and others depositing large sums of money, for safe custody, with the ecclesiastical guardians, who paid no interest and turned their funds to profitable account. A host of priests, monks, nuns, choristers, acolytes, servants, and temple-sweepers, with image-makers, like Demetrius the silversmith, who manufactured also small models of the temple for sale, got their living out of the worship of this grotesque divinity. The city was, further, the abode of pretended magicians, soothsayers, necromancers, exorcists of demons, astrologers, sellers of amulets or charms, and practisers of endless tricks and frauds at the expense of superstitious people. At the time when St. Paul lived there, about the beginning of the reign of Nero in Rome, it is likely that all this kind of traffic, including the sale of the silver images and the handicrafts for the Temple service, was considered the main staple of the prosperity of Ephesus, since the silting-up of the maritime harbour, by the deposit of river mud, had already commenced, much lessening its foreign commerce.

The great Temple then standing, the site of which, discovered by the late Mr. Wood, is shown in our Illustration, was situated outside the Magnesian Gate of the city, connected with it by a long colonnade. This place is adjacent to the Turkish village of Agiasolouk. It has been ascertained that the Temple was erected on a platform 418 ft. long and 239 ft. wide; the dimensions of the building itself were 342 ft. by 163 ft. It was of Greek architecture, of the time of Alexander the Great, replacing the former structure which was burnt by the insane act of Erostratus in the year B.C. 356. The building was adorned with a hundred marble columns, 55 ft. 8 in. high, many of them beautifully sculptured in relief, and with a front portico of eight columns. Its interior contained a great number of fine Greek statues and paintings, some of which were afterwards carried to Rome. A conjectural or ideal view of this splendid edifice, as it may have appeared when perfect, is given in a learned treatise by Mr. E. Falkener; but Mr. Wood's book, which is furnished with plans and illustrations, sufficiently enables the reader to comprehend its architectural design. Another grand public building at Ephesus was the Theatre, where the riot and debate of the townsmen, narrated in the Acts of the Apostles, must have taken place. It was one of the largest then existing, semicircular in form, measuring, probably, at least 500 ft. by 300 ft., and holding 50,000 or 60,000 spectators, but not covered by a roof. Ephesus was a great city between the European and the Asiatic worlds, but its history does not seem glorious, and is now chiefly recommended by its associations with St. Paul and St. John, and with the books of the New Testament.

The Lord Lieutenant of Kent (Earl Stanhope) has, with the Queen's approval, appointed Mr. Sergeant Spinks a Deputy Lieutenant of that county.

At the meeting of the London Chamber of Commerce on April 10, Sir Albert K. Rollit, M.P., was elected Chairman for the ensuing year.

Mr. W. J. Ford, M.A., has been elected Head Master of Leamington College. He has been Assistant Master at Marlborough College, and Principal of Nelson College, New Zealand.

Mr. W. H. Smith, on the recommendation of Sir John Puleston, has made a grant of £200 to the venerable Welsh Bard Clwydfardd, in recognition of his services to Welsh literature. Clwydfardd is about seventy-five years old, and is Archdruid at the National Eisteddfod.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

A G (Gottenham).—Did it not strike you that you had not hit on the right key to No. 2400 when you found that Black could escape mate in three moves?

P D (Clapham).—Mr. Crum's problem deserves your praise.

Dr R ERNST (Switzerland).—Your solution is quite correct.

A S (The Hague).—The solution I gave was Q to R 7th—not R to Q 7th, which is an impossible move. If, then, Black play the Kt as you suggest, Q to Q Kt 5th gives mate in reply.

J S B (Philadelphia).—The reason for it is certainly not apparent, but we are loth to believe so skilful a composer put it there without sufficient cause.

SIGNOR ASPA.—We presume the problem has not been published elsewhere. Please let us know.

J W PYBBS.—One of your positions has three White Knights and no Black one, as the solution implies. The other is too weak and defective.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2393 received from T M Srinivasa (Madras); of No. 2396 from W H Reed; of No. 2397 from Lieutenant-Colonel Loraine, John G. Grant, and W H Reed; of No. 2398 from T Wells, L Desanges, J Armstrong, Chalice, Oliver Jones (Chester), W Barrett, T D (Copenhagen), Nellie, James Clark, and W P Payne; of No. 2399 from F N Smallicie, G E Perugini, D M (Blyth), J G Grant, A Gallow, Hurley Toy (Penarth), B D Knox, A W H Gell, Lieut.-Colonel Loraine, W Erie Gower, F G Rowland, F H M, W Barrett, A Goddard, E W Brook, W H Reed, E H H, W Hogan, B.A., Hereward, Rev. Winfield Cooper, W H D Henvey, and F Burke.

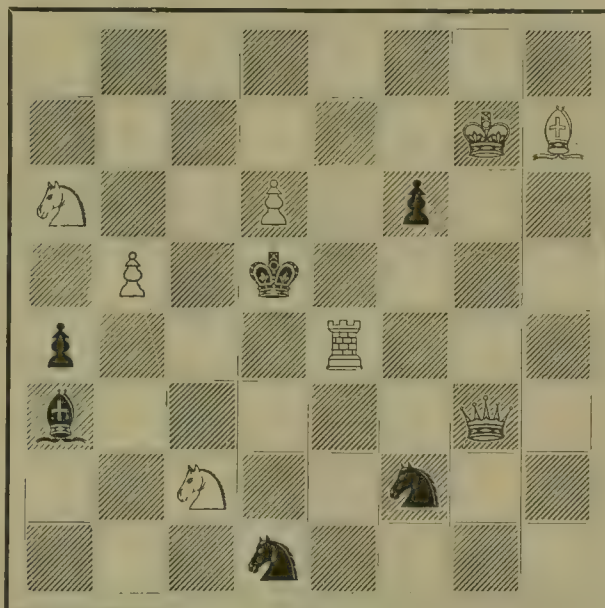
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2400 received from G J Yeale, T Roberts, W R Raimel, F G Washington (Sidcup), R Powell, F Whittleby, W Erie Gower, Dawn, T Maff, Rev. Winfield Cooper, Captain J A Chalice, Jupiter Junior, J Cowd, H Beumann (Berlin), D McCoy (Galway), N Harris, A Newman, A Gwinner, A W Hamilton Gell, Martin F. Columbus, W Wright, J Ross (Whitley), Dr Waltz (Heidelberg), Dr F St, W David (Cardiff), Fr. Fernando (Dublin), Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), Alpha, E Casella (Paris), R H Brooks, J C T (Great Baddow), J Hall, R Worters (Canterbury), Lieut.-Colonel Loraine, G Mensius (Brussels), P Daly (Clapham), W Biddle, B D Knox, R N Banks, Julia Short (Exeter), G E Perugini, E R H, Mrs. Kelly (of Kelly), M Mullendorff (Luxembourg), F S Bishop, Dr R Ernst, Shadforth, W H Reed, Hereward, H S B (Ben Rhudding), J D Tucker (Leeds), A W Young, R Loudon, W F Payne, W Robertson, D Jackson, W Barrett, and P Smart.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2398. By SIGNOR ASPA.

WHITE. BLACK.
1. B to B 8th. Any move.
2. Mates accordingly.

PROBLEM No. 2402.

By MAX FEIGL.
BLACK.



WHITE.
White to play, and mate in two moves.

CHESS IN NEWCASTLE.

One of nineteen simultaneous games played by Mr. L. ZOLLNER at the Newcastle Chess Club.

(King's Knight Opening.)

WHITE (Mr. Zollner).	BLACK (Amateur).	WHITE (Mr. Zollner).	BLACK (Amateur).
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	8. Q to R 5th (ch)	P to K Kt 3rd
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	9. B takes P (ch)	
3. B to B 4th	P to K R 3rd	Q takes P (ch), followed by Q takes Q;	
		10. B takes Q (ch) was the proper play,	
		for White would then have recovered	
		his sacrificed piece with a fine attack.	
		The text-move leaves Black master of	
		the situation.	
		9. B to K 3rd	
		A great and fatal blunder. K to Kt 2nd	
		would have won another piece, and, prob-	
		ably, the game. As it is, White now	
		finishes in fine style.	
		10. B takes B (ch)	K takes B
		11. Q takes P (ch)	Kt to B 3rd
		12. R to K sq (ch)	K to Q 2nd
		13. Q to B 5th (ch)	K to Q 3rd
		14. Q to K 6th, Mate.	

CHESS IN AMERICA.

The following was the final game in the match, at Baltimore, between Mr. W. H. K. POLLOCK and Messrs. E. L. FORSCH and SCHOFIELD in consultation. Time limit: Mr. P., twenty-five moves an hour; Allies, fifteen.

(King's Gambit declined.)

WHITE (Mr. P.)	BLACK (Allies).	WHITE (Mr. P.)	BLACK (Allies).
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	18. Kt to B 3rd	Q to R 3rd (ch)
2. P to K B 4th	B to B 4th	19. K to B 2nd	B to B 4th (ch)
3. P takes P			
A rusty old gambit, which De Vere and M'Donnell used to try in skittle play.			
4. P to Kt 3rd	Q to R 5th (ch)	20. K to Kt 3rd	P to Q B 3rd
5. Q to K 2nd	Q takes P (ch)	21. R to R sq	Q to Kt 3rd
6. Kt to K B 3rd	Q takes R		
7. P to B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd		
8. P to Q 4th	K Kt to K 2nd		
9. K to Q 2nd	B to Kt 3rd		
Recovering the lost piece in part as quickly as possible.			
10. B to Kt 2nd	Kt to B 4th		
11. P takes Kt	Kt takes Kt P		
12. P to Q R 4th	Q to R 4th		
	Castles		
Better Kt to R 4th, which would have proved very embarrassing to White and greatly delayed his advance.			
13. P to Q Kt 4th	P to Q R 4th		
14. P to Kt 5th	Kt to K 2nd		
15. B to R 3rd	R to K sq		
16. B takes Kt	R takes B		
17. P to B 4th			
Well played, the loss of time being only apparent. After 18. Kt to Q B 3rd, Black must keep out that piece by P to Q B 3rd, which regains the time for White.			
17. P to Q 3rd			

An open handicap chess tournament commenced at Simpson's on April 5, under the same conditions as governed the previous one. There were upwards of twenty entries, nearly a dozen of whom are first-class players, making this one of the strongest handicaps ever held in England. But for the absence of Messrs. Gunsberg and Blackburne the contest might almost be called a masters' tournament.

In the City of London Chess Club an exciting struggle is still going on in the big tournament of 140 members. In the final round Mr. Henry Jones is now first with a score of 7 out of 8 games played, Mr. Eckenstein is second with 6½ out of 8, Mr. Hunt is third with 5½ out of 8, and Mr. Serailier is fourth with 4½ out of 7. Mr. Kenning, Mr. Strebel, Mr. Newman, Mr. Alexandre, Mr. Clayton, and Mr. Hoare follow in the order named. These will all be prize-winners.

MUSIC.

THE CARL ROSA OPERA COMPANY.

The performances of operas in English by this company at Drury-Lane Theatre are offering ample and varied attraction. Since our record, "The Bohemian Girl," "Carmen," "Faust," "Mignon," and "Lurline" have been given, besides repetitions of "Romeo and Juliet." The cast of the first-named opera included Mdle. Tremelli as the Queen of the Gipsies, Miss F. Moody as Arline, Mr. J. Child as Thaddens, Mr. F. Celli as Count Arnheim, and Mr. A. Cook as Devilshoof; all of whom made due effect in characters with which they have heretofore been associated. In "Carmen" Mdle. De Lussan displayed qualities of a similar high order to those she had manifested as Juliet on the opening night of the season; Mr. McGuckin having given the same impassioned rendering of the part of Don José that has before been commented on. Miss A. Fabris gave the music of Michaela with much feeling, and Mr. L. Crotty, as the Toreador, was as successful as on former occasions; other prominent characters having been sustained by Misses L. Saunders and K. Drew and Messrs. A. Cook, W. Esmond, and E. Albert.

In "Faust," Madame G. Burns sang and acted with special effect, having, indeed, manifested a dramatic power and intensity in the more tragic scenes and a gentle grace in the earlier situations that could scarcely be improved on. Miss L. Saunders (although nervous) made a good impression as Siebel, Signor Runcio repeated a familiar performance as Faust, Signor Abramoff as Mephistopheles was better musically than dramatically, and Mr. L. Crotty was earnest and impressive as Valentine.

"Mignon" gave special scope to the merits of Miss F. Moody in the title-character, in which the young lady produced an effect that is not easily realised in a part that has previously been associated with some of the most eminent stage vocalists. Miss Moody is a valuable accession to the company. Miss A. Fabris was a bright and fluent Filina, and Miss L. Saunders a good representative of Frederick; Mr. J. Child having sung the music of Wilhelm with much earnestness. Mr. Celli was an excellent Lothario, and other parts were fairly filled.

On April 12—as on the previous Monday—there were performances in the afternoon, when "Carmen" was repeated, "Lurline" having been given in the evening. Wallace's opera, although not so widely popular as his "Maritana," contains much highly effective music. It was produced in 1860, some fifteen years after "Maritana," and both were greatly successful, the later work having been somewhat unjustly thrown into neglect for many years past. Its revival by the Carl Rosa Opera Company has recently proved that the music still has power to interest, notwithstanding the poor libretto with which it is associated. In its repetition at Drury-Lane Theatre on April 12, the character of Lurline was sustained (as recently at Liverpool) by Madame G. Burns, who gave the music of the part with charming grace and brightness, her several solos having elicited special applause. Miss G. Digby (her first London appearance) displayed a pleasing voice and unaffected style in the character of Ghiva. Mr. Darward Lely (hitherto chiefly known in association with comic opera) sang effectively as Count Rudolph; Mr. L. Crotty was an excellent representative of Rheinberg; Mr. A. Cook was duly humorous as the senile Baron; and Mr. M. Eugene was sufficiently terrible as the Gnome. In all the proceedings just referred to, the excellence of the orchestra and the chorus, and of the scenic and other stage accessories, fully maintained the high reputation of these performances. After the date last mentioned, the proceedings consisted chiefly of repetitions of works recently given; the English version of Meyerbeer's "L'Etoile du Nord" having been announced for April 17; soon after which Mr. Cowen's new opera "Thorgim" (specially composed for the Carl Rosa Opera Company) will be produced.

The nineteenth of the present series of Saturday Afternoon Concerts at the Crystal Palace (on April 12) consisted entirely of a selection from Wagner's works. As all the music given is more or less well known, specific detail may well be spared. The programme opened with the overture to "Rienzi"—the earliest work of importance recognised by the composer—and included extracts from his subsequent music-dramas—"Tannhäuser," "Lohengrin," "Die Walküre," "Tristan und Isolde," "Die Meistersinger," "Götterdämmerung," and "Parsifal"; besides the concert-piece "Siegfried Idyll" and the "Kaiser-Marsch." The solo vocalists of the day were Miss Fillunger and Mr. Henschel.

Of the inaugural performance—at the St. James's Hall—of the series of Young People's Orchestral Concerts, directed by Mr. Henschel, we must speak hereafter. The programme comprised some bright music by classical composers.

Mr. Gustav Ernst was to begin a course of seven lectures on April 15 at the Crystal Palace Company's School of Art, Science, and Literature. The first lecture was on the symphonic form, the others being devoted to Beethoven's first, third, fifth, sixth, eighth, and ninth symphonies (the orchestral portions of the last). Of Mr. Ernst's merits as a pianist and a composer of music for his instrument we have more than once had occasion to speak. His lectures will be given with illustrations on the pianoforte; and close on the date of each the works referred to will be performed by the Crystal Palace band, conducted by Mr. Manns, in the concert-room.

Mr. R. Carrington Willis was announced to give a Shakespeare dramatic and vocal recital at the Steinway Hall on April 17, and Madame Frickenhaus a pianoforte recital at Princes' Hall on April 19.

Mr. Weist Hill, the excellent Principal of the Guildhall School of Music, has satisfactorily surmounted the severe illness from which he has recently been suffering. His restoration to health will be gladly learned by his friends and by the students of the institution which so largely owes its success to his energy in its direction, and his practical skill as a musician.

It is announced that the valuable collection of books, manuscripts, and prints illustrating the county of York, which was formed by the late Mr. Edward Hallstone of Walton Hall, near Wakefield, has been bequeathed to the library of the Dean and Chapter of York. The library, it is said, contains between 40,000 and 50,000 volumes.

At the Royal Dublin Society show, the Challoner Cup of £155 for the best bull was won by the Queen with New Year's Gift, from the Prince Consort's Home Farm. The Queen also took the purse for the best-Devon heifer. Mr. Pierce Mahony, M.P., obtained the prize of £150 for the best group of Kerry cattle.

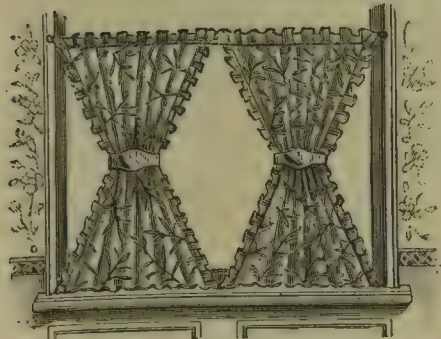
A gift of £1000 has been made to the Ashton-under-Lyne Town Council by the trustees of the late Mr. George Heginbottom, of Southport, for the erection of a Free Library and Technical Schools. Mr. Heginbottom was at one time Mayor of Ashton-under-Lyne. He built and endowed Holy Trinity Church, and gave large sums to other churches and institutions connected with the district.

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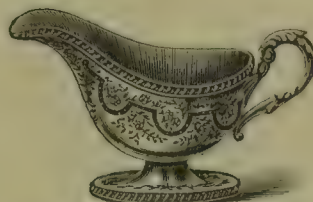
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ARBOURS.

I am inclined to lament over the general disappearance of the Arbour, which, of old, was as much an integral part of our English gardens as the terrace, the parterre, or the lawn. You will remember that in Bacon's charming essay "Of Gardens," while providing for "covered alleys" and "stately arched hedges" and other delightful "refreshments," he is careful to stipulate that there shall be some "pretty tufts of fruit-trees" and "arbours with seats." There one might take one's rest, with a choice poet in one's hand—nothing but poetry should be read in gardens!—and turn at will from the enchantment of melodious verse to enjoy the breath of the vernal violets, or, it may be, to inhale the balm of the sweet June roses, or listen to "the birds that sing above in every tree." Milton did well to place an arbour—or, as the poets prefer to call it, a bower—in his Garden of Eden, where our First Parents in their early innocence idled through unnumbered hours of dreamy happiness. And what a bower! The roof, of thickest covert, was an unwoven shade of laurel, myrtle, and "what higher grew of fern and fragrant leaf on either side"; while "acanthus and each odorous bushy shrub fenced up the verdant wall," and, between, "each beauteous flower, iris, all hues, roses and jessamine, reared high their flourished heads." Such a bower, I fancy, blooms nowhere but in Eden!

I confess to a great liking for the old Elizabethan or Jacobean gardens—for their broad terraces, commanding fine prospects of grove and hill and valley; their trim beds of gaily coloured flowers; their leafy walks and avenues; their delicious breadths of greensward, soft and smooth as velvet; their tiny fountains sprinkling the air with music; even their quaint devices of peacock, pyramid, urn, vase, and faunetuil, shaped in box, yew, or holly; and, above all, their cool sweet bowers trellised over with creeper and blossom. It was in just such a garden that Claudio, Hero, and Don Pedro played their jest upon Benedick and Beatrice. And it was in the arbour of such a garden that Benedick listened to the talk of Don Pedro and Claudio about that witty, high-spirited maid, while the latter stole into "a pleached bower, where honeysuckles ripened by the sun forbid the sun to enter," to overhear her cousin's praise of that sharp-tongued cavalier. No doubt Olivia's garden also was "canopied with bowers." In the lovely *fête* of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" we read of Titania's "close and consecrated bower"; while Mortimer, in the "First Part of Henry IV.," draws a never-to-be-forgotten picture of "a fair Queen in a summer's bower," singing ditties "with ravishing division to her lute." And was it not into an arbour in his orchard that Justice Shallow conducted the Fat Knight to eat "a last year's pippin, with a dish of caraways"? Those wise Elizabethans were careful to find leisure for their gardens and their garden-bowers! They took life much more easily than we Victorians take it—having neither telegraphs nor telephones, Salvation Army nor miners' strikes to disturb their peace—but making the most of the good things sent them by the gods, and rejoicing in the mellow peace of the long, long summer days. Look at the stately Progresses of Elizabeth. With what easy composure she went on her Royal way—pausing here and there to enjoy the ponderous speeches of her Majesty's loyal Mayors and Recorders, to condescend to them in apt replies, to smile upon the brave pageants they exhibited, and to recline in "leafy bower" while nymphs and fauns disported for her amusement in the cool green shades! Her soldiers and seamen carried the same *leisureliness* into their brave enterprises. Drake spent nearly three years in sauntering round the world.

He and his comrades finished their game at bowls upon the Hoe before they went out to fight the Armada. And so Rosalind and Orlando wandered at their will in the glades of Arden, or sate in the "pleached bowers," talking such sweet nonsense as lovers delight in, and shutting their ears to the beat of Time's rapid wings.

Poets having naturally a fine sense of what is beautiful and becoming, we are not surprised to meet with bowers and arbours in their verse. Thus, Spenser, in his "Garden of Venus," places "pleasant arbours" with "shady seats and sundry flowering banks." James Shirley, describing his "little plot of ground," tells how he will compose "of bays and yews his summer-room"—his arbour. There was a bower, of course, in that garden which Cowley has so nobly sung. In our own day, Sir Henry Taylor has written how a bower "was built with many a creeping flower." But, surely, no poet has dreamed of bower more exquisite than that which Keats has constructed for the "sleeping Adonis"!—"Round him grew, all tendrils green of every bloom and hue"—"the vine, the ivy with its Ethiop berries, and the velvet-leaved woodbine, convolvulus in streaked vases flush, and virgin's bower, trailing airily." Pleasant, too, are the green retreats which Leigh Hunt describes in his "Story of Rimini," with bowing leaves overhead, to which the eye looks up half in awe, half in longing—"places of nestling green for poets made."

The bower or arbour sank into disrepute when the Italian style of gardening came into vogue. Such places of nestling green—such blooming recesses, built with many a creeping flower—failed to consort with statues and pedestals, sweeping flights of steps, balustrades, parapets, and pavilions. In our eighteenth-century England, a garden of pretension resembled nothing so much as a stonemason's yard. The statuary outnumbered the trees, and there were more temples than flowers. At Stowe, for instance, you passed from the Temple of Ancient Virtue to the Temple of British Worthies—from the Temple of Venus to that of Bacchus. There was also Rostral and Corinthian columns, and a Cave of Dido. Likewise, an obelisk to the memory of Wolfe, a Temple of Friendship, a Temple of Concord and Victory, an arcade embellished with a group of Apollo and the Muses, and, most monstrous of all, a Gothic Temple! Horace Walpole, recording a visit to Stowe, says that "he supped in a Grotto in the Elysian Fields." This odious substitute for the bower or arbour—in which the Georgian beaux and belles sipped their chocolate, and played at being shepherds and shepherdesses—was an artificial cave, lined with shells, fragments of spar, and sham stalactites. One finds it hard to believe that Pope could be a true poet—really inspired with the breath of the God—when one reads his rapturous account of the Grotto in his Twickenham garden. In plain truth, it was nothing more than a tunnel beneath the turnpike road which divided his garden awkwardly into two sections. But he stuck about it shells and marbles, ores and minerals, interspersed with pieces of looking-glass "in regular forms"; and "in the ceiling" he set up "a star of the same materials, at which, when a lamp of orbicular figure, of thin alabaster, was hung in the middle, a thousand pointed rays glittered and were reflected over the place!" And when the thing was completed Pope and his friends indulged in raptures of enthusiasm about it—which were as artificial, I suspect, as the Grotto!

In the palmy days of Vauxhall and Ranelagh, their "arbours" were put forward as not their least attractions. But the word was grievously misapplied to the little boxes, hung over with a few shrubs, and lighted with coloured lamps, in which my Lady Caroline Petersham and Lord

Granby, Miss Ashe and Horace Walpole, stewed minced chickens in a china dish, "over a lamp, with three pats of butter and a flagon of water, stirring, and rattling, and laughing, and every minute expecting the dish to fly about their ears." I suppose the originals of these booths or supper-boxes should be sought in the garden of the *Lusthaus*, on the bank of the slow canal, where Mynheer van Dunck drinks his Schnapps and smokes his pipe. Imitations of them, known as "summer-houses," are still to be seen—generally with a damp and mildewed air about them—in suburban gardens of a certain class. If I remember rightly, Mr. Wemmick rejoiced in the possession of one of these amazing edifices, which are usually constructed of timber, or (O ye gods!) of "corrugated zinc"; hexagonal or "four-square" in plan; with a bench and a small table inside, and on the apex of the sloping roof a spike or rusty weathercock. At times the structure is ornamented with a little trellis-work, over which is trailed a sickly clematis or some mouldering ivy. A new tenant, lavish of his pelf, will occasionally revive its faded glory with a coat or two of green paint, and then on Sundays he will proudly sit therein, digesting the latest news over a pint of beer. For such are the simple delights of honest souls. But this—O this, is not the bower which poets love—not this the bower in which a Dudley would woo an Amy Robsart! Not this the bower in which a philosopher would meditate upon things human and divine! No! We must *rehabilitate* the Arbour; must restore it to its ancient pride of place. Unfortunately, the Arbour, as our Shakspeares and our Spensers knew it, with all its wealth of leaf and blossom, is not of rapid growth. It springs not from the earth "like an exhalation," but is the finished product of the process of the years. Many a spring must expand and many a summer mature it before it will reach the full perfection of its beauty. An Arbour planted to-day will bring little joy to him who plants it, but to his children and his children's children it will come as an inestimable boon, so that often will they bless the kindly forethought which led to its construction. W. H. D.-A.

Messrs. Marlborough and Gould, of the Old Bailey, have prepared some strong cases for preserving copies of the *Illustrated London News* previous to their being bound.

From the Board of Trade returns it appears that there was a decrease of £125,053 in the imports for the month of March, as compared with the corresponding period of last year. The reduction in the exports amounted to £1,392,468.

On April 10 the annual show and sale, promoted by the Lincolnshire and Eastern Counties Shorthorn Bull Breeders' Association, was held in the Agricultural Hall, Monk's-road, Lincoln, and the classes for which prizes were given attracted eighty-one entries, the exhibitors including the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Portland, and the principal breeders in Lincolnshire, Notts, Norfolk, Rutland, and Northampton. The show was much larger and better than that of last year.

A novel idea for a bazaar, called the "Naval Review," is to be carried out at Canterbury in June (on Waterloo Day). The stalls will be formed like ships, and the whole array will present the various features of her Majesty's Navy, from the old "seventy-four" to the modern ironclad barbette and turret ships. Besides this mimic British fleet, which will ride at anchor in the largest hall in the city, there will be additional attractions in the form of a prize doll show and a loan exhibition of rare curiosities. The object is to build a hall for St. Mary Bredin's parish, Canterbury.



"DRINK, PUPPY, DRINK."

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She resembles the decoction of the Dublin doctor, one application of which not only removes freckles from the face and dandruff from the head, but also cures fits, imparts grace and flexibility to the intellect, and renders the teeth pearly white, or words to that effect. A jack of all trades is master of none.

To deserve and achieve success, a medicine, like a man, must concentrate its forces. It must do one thing thoroughly. Fourteen languages cannot be learned in six weeks. A remedy cannot cure broken hearts in women, weak morals in men, and blind staggers in chickens. That is nonsense. It is only by penetration and concentration that disease can be cured.

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THE LADIES' COLUMN.

Now has arrived the time of year for that serious business—spring cleaning. Men apparently suppose that it is a period of delight to the women of the household, when they are in their element, and perfectly happy. We know better. We know that it is one of those gruesome tasks the odiousness of which can only be realised by experience. It is a duty—and not one of those that, as Tennyson has it, "Show the path to glory." No, it is one of those grim, I might even say grimy, tasks that the female sex does unhonoured and unsung, but steadily and without complaint, because it is duty! Let no rash man say one word of complaint when he finds the house turned inside out; for that one word may be the last straw on the already overburdened housewife. But however little he may like the process, let him take care that he, at least, pretends to be grateful; and, however he may doubt the necessity for the turn-out, let him confine his observations to praising the charming results of it in obvious brightness and cleanliness. For assuredly the spring cleaning is a necessity, and it will be an evil day if ever we house-mothers, the most patient and least appreciated of all the labouring classes, shall "strike" against this annual turmoil.

We must not grudge the time and trouble of turning out drawers, dusting cupboards, and sorting generally. The mistress of the house may have the satisfaction of knowing that these hidden labours are as advantageous to the health of her family as the clean curtains and freshened carpets are to the appearance of her room. The accumulation of dust that takes place in the course of a year in a town house is a serious source of danger, if it be left longer undisturbed. Germs of disease find their lodgment in dust, when they would have flown out of the

house again if it had been cleanly. We get a striking illustration of the value of the annual "sweetening" in the healthiness and vitality of the Jewish race.

Moses instituted an annual cleaning out of corners and cupboards! At least, that is how it works out. In one of the Jewish feasts it is the religious practice to employ cooking vessels and various other articles of domestic necessity entirely different from the ones that have been in use all the year round. This involves a packing away of one set of things and a routing out of another, that results in the practical accomplishment of a general clean-up. The wonderful vitality of the Jewish race has doubtless many causes; but this clearing-out practice, and the abstinence from what modern science has discovered to be one of the most unhealthy of meats—pork—have jointly played no mean part in the result.

It is a pity that labour-saving appliances are not more generally used in the household. Spring cleaning would be easier if every possible help were provided. But women are trained in small economies so carefully that many of them become too grudging about petty details. Things that would lighten labour and increase comfort very considerably at small cost are not provided. Carpet-sweeping is laborious work, but there are several varieties of closed sweepers, with the brush shut up inside the shovel, that at once reduce the trouble of getting up the dust and prevent it from flying over the room by being raised. Polishes, cleansing soaps or powders, and the like, are often mischievous if used in large quantities, but in moderation they produce easily and safely the same effect as long exertion from the servants. In the kitchen, too, appliances such as a small wringer for the cook's towels when she washes them, a

mincing-machine, and a gas ring to boil water over, are begrudged. It is a mistake to economise in such trifles, because in the end the time and labour wasted by doing without these aids exceeds considerably the cost of obtaining them and renewing them. Yet many women will spend wastefully on dress and other display while scrupulously keeping down the cost of such domestic trifles.

Floral bonnets have not exhausted their fashionable favour before the time of flowers comes, as it appeared likely they would do by their very popularity. Toques and bonnets of violets are, indeed, vulgarised past endurance. But more costly and dainty flowers are now being made up in this way to a great extent. Good millinery usually shows a little velvet combined with the flowers. Thus, an open crown of purple lilac, allowing the hair to be seen through, has a twisted brim and strings of very narrow heliotrope ribbon velvet. Lilies-of-the-valley, perfectly natural-looking and charming, are set over a tiny twist of green velvet, just the colour of the leaves of the flower, which form an aigrette at the exact back, with sprays of the lilies intermingled, and bending over the crown so as to avoid all stiffness. Mimosa, combined with black velvet ribbon, on the edge of which is run a tiny fancy ribbon of the exact yellow of the flower, makes a very stylish bonnet.

Another pretty bonnet is constructed of a wreath of large shaded pink roses laid flat on the hair in front, with a cluster of buds and leaves at the back and leaves and buds twisted in with green velvet for the open crown. White acacia and honeysuckle mingle with black lace to form a little round-crowned bonnet, and a toque of black lace almost covered with forget-me-nots is very becoming. Jet coronets or side ornaments are also effectively used, in combination with flowers, for the sole structure of the bonnet. Hats

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Joan.
Nancy.
Not Wisely, But too Well.
Red as a Rose is She.
Second Thoughts.
Bellinda.

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Which Shall It Be?
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Her Dearest Foe.
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very low in the crown and big in the brim are almost covered with blooms.

The newest colour is called "anbergine." Those who know this somewhat scarce vegetable must please think of a shade or two lighter than its exterior really is to get a correct idea of the colour. It may be described as a dark-red heliotrope; it is actually neither red nor violet, but has a shade of both. A very popular colour for tailor-cloth spring dresses is blue-grey. Heliotrope in an endless variety of shades is to be seen in cashmeres, foulés, and thin cloths. It is a colour which combines particularly well with black; and black velvet sleeves and a tiny panel are generally introduced.

What a thing it is to live under a despotism! The latest edict of the Czar of Russia is that all the ladies of his Court shall appear in costumes of native manufacture. It is to be supposed that the Empress herself does not have to submit her dress to the authority of this order, or she will presumably be as much annoyed by it as anybody. Most of her many beautiful gowns have always hitherto been made either in Paris or in London. Like most Royal ladies, the Czarina patronises Redfern's for her tailor-made gowns and her coats. When she met with her terrible railway accident she was wearing a dark-blue rough pilot-cloth coat, with gilt buttons, which had been made by Redfern, and shortly afterwards her Majesty sent the identical coat back to them with instructions to make another exactly like it. The garment must have pleased her particularly, or else she would surely have shrunk from wearing again an exact facsimile of the one in which she had passed through such a terrible danger, for the coat in question was torn by the accident and the buttons crushed in a manner which showed how nearly the danger must have touched her who had worn it. Poor Czarina! No wonder she needs some magnificent raiment to compensate her to some extent for the drawbacks of her state—for how many they are!

FLORENCE FENWICK-MILLER.

The Law Courts were reopened for the Easter sittings on April 15, and will remain open until Friday, May 23.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Jan. 28, 1890) of Mr. William Christopher Salter, late of 5, Hobart-place, Eaton-square, who died on Feb. 25 last, was proved on April 2 by George Williams the elder and Frederick Butler, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £235,000. The testator bequeaths £20,000 each to St. George's Hospital, Hyde Park-corner, and St. Thomas's Hospital, Westminster Bridge-road and Lambeth Palace-road; £3000 to the London Hospital, Whitechapel-road; £2000 each to the Seamen's Hospital Society (Greenwich), St. Mary's Hospital (Cambridge-place, Paddington), Westminster Hospital (Broad Sanctuary), the Cancer Hospital (Fulham-road, Brompton), the Hospital for Consumption and Diseases of the Chest (Fulham-road), the Royal Hospital for Incurables (West-hill, Putney-heath), and the Indigent Blind School (St. George's-fields, Southwark, and Wandsworth-common); £1000 each to the Victoria Hospital for Children (Queen's-road, Chelsea), the National Hospital for Diseases of the Heart and Paralysis (32, Soho-square), the Lock Hospital and Asylum (Westbourne-green, Harrow-road, and 91, Dean-street, Soho), St. Peter's Hospital for Stone and Urinary Diseases (Henrietta-street, Covent-garden), and the Job and Post Masters, Coach Proprietors, Horse Dealers, and Livery Stable Keepers of England Provident Fund; £500 to the Chelsea Hospital for Women (Fulham-road), and £300 to the Hunt Servants' Benefit Society (40, Brompton-road); and many legacies to executors, servants, and others. He directs his horses, Jem, Jack, Charlie, Bobby, and Cherry Pie, as soon as possible after his death to be humanely and skilfully destroyed, and their near fore-legs produced thereafter to his executors. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, to pay any legacies or annuities remaining unpaid under the will of his brother George Salter, and, subject thereto, to pay one moiety of the income to each of them, Roger George Salter and Emma Steed (the children of his brother George), and on the death of either of them to pay, during the life of the other of them, his or her share of the income to his or her children; and on the death of the survivor the said residue is

to be divided between his great-nephew Reginald Charles Tilbury and the children of the said Roger George Salter and Emma Steed.

The will (dated Dec. 6, 1881), with three codicils (dated Aug. 22, 1885; July 23, 1886; and July 26, 1887), of Mr. Christopher Hill, formerly of 47, Aldgate High-street, and late of The Elms, Wanstead, Essex, who died on March 5, was proved on March 28 by Francis Christopher Hill, the son, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £127,000. The testator gives all his freehold and leasehold estates in the county of Devon to his son, Francis Christopher; the plate and plated articles marked with the letter H, and the portraits in oils of members of the family, to his said son; the remainder of his plate and pictures, and all his furniture, books, articles of household use and ornament, wines, horses, carriages, live and dead stock, and £500, to his wife, Mrs. Mary Ford Hill; his farm and premises called "Stout" to his wife, for life; and £50,000, upon trust, to pay £800 per annum to his wife, for life or widowhood, and £400 per annum in the event of her marrying again, and subject thereto, to hold the same, upon trust, for all his children by her; but should there be only one such child, he or she is to have only a moiety of the said trust fund. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his son, the said Francis Christopher Hill.

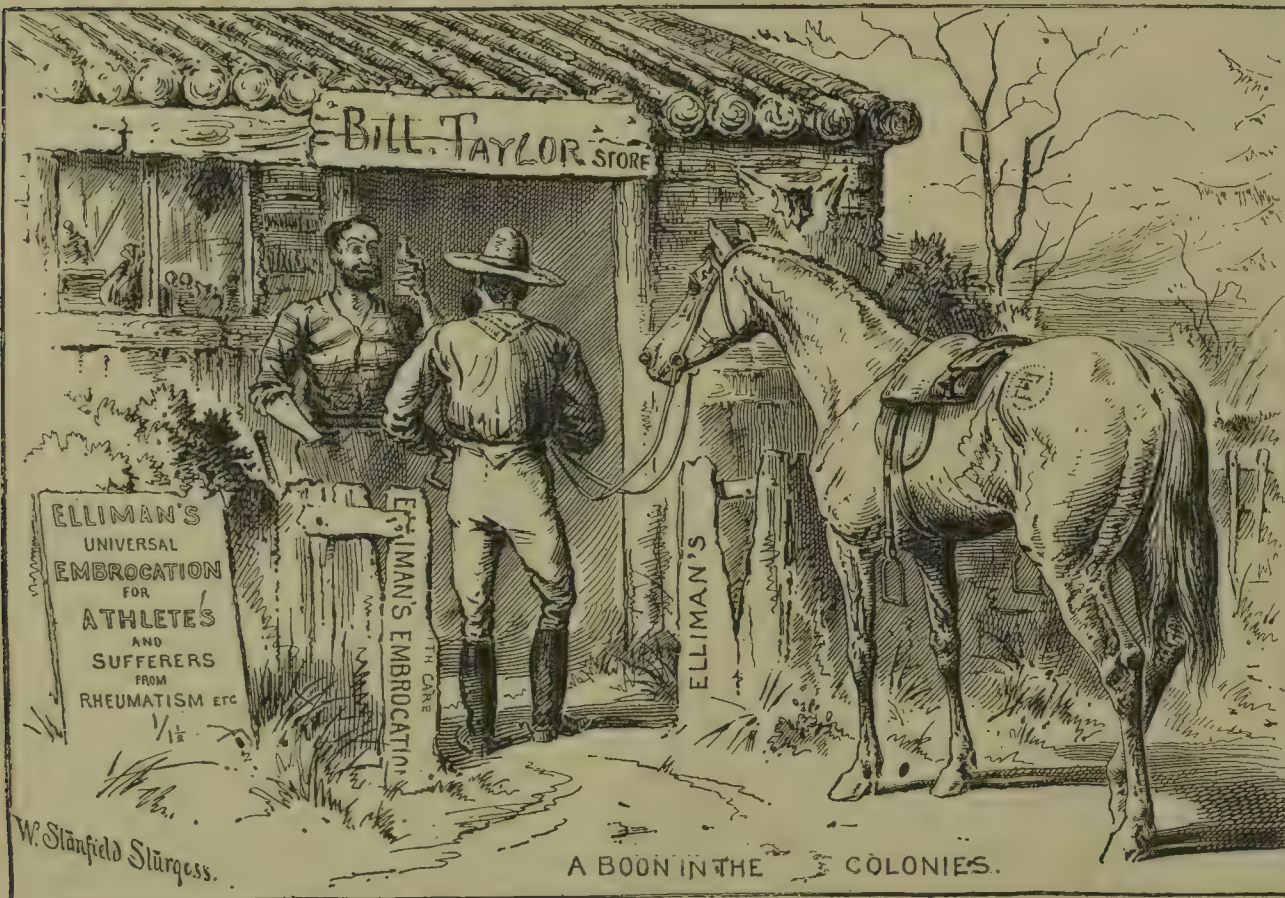
The will (dated April 29, 1885), with a codicil (dated Sept. 13, 1888), of Mr. James Robert Gardiner, late of 51, Victoria-street, Westminster, who died on Jan. 17, at Cannes, was proved on April 2 by Edmund John Gardiner and Captain John Arthur Gardiner, the nephews, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £98,000. The testator bequeaths £10,000 to his grandnephew, Jan Mitchell; and the income, for life, of £10,000 Inscribed Stock of the Union Bank of Australia, and also of some foreign shares, to Mdlle. Vanda de Carossi. The residue of his personal estate becomes divisible among his next-of-kin. The deceased died without having been married, and without parent, brother, or sister.

The will (dated Aug. 22, 1887), with a codicil (dated Aug. 26

FOR

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"In cases of acute rheumatism I have used it on coolies, as also for strains. The coolies suffer much from carrying heavy loads long distances, and they get cramp in the muscles, which, when well rubbed with your Embrocation, is relieved at once."
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"The Embrocation is found to be a splendid remedy for ague, which complaint is pretty general here during the wet season."

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"I am desired by the members of the above club to inform you that they have used your Embrocation for a considerable period, and that they think it more beneficial than any other that has been introduced into the club.
"For running and cycling it is invaluable, and we would not be without it under any consideration."

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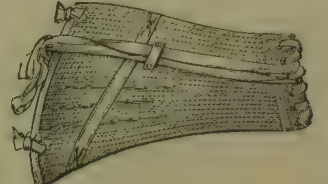
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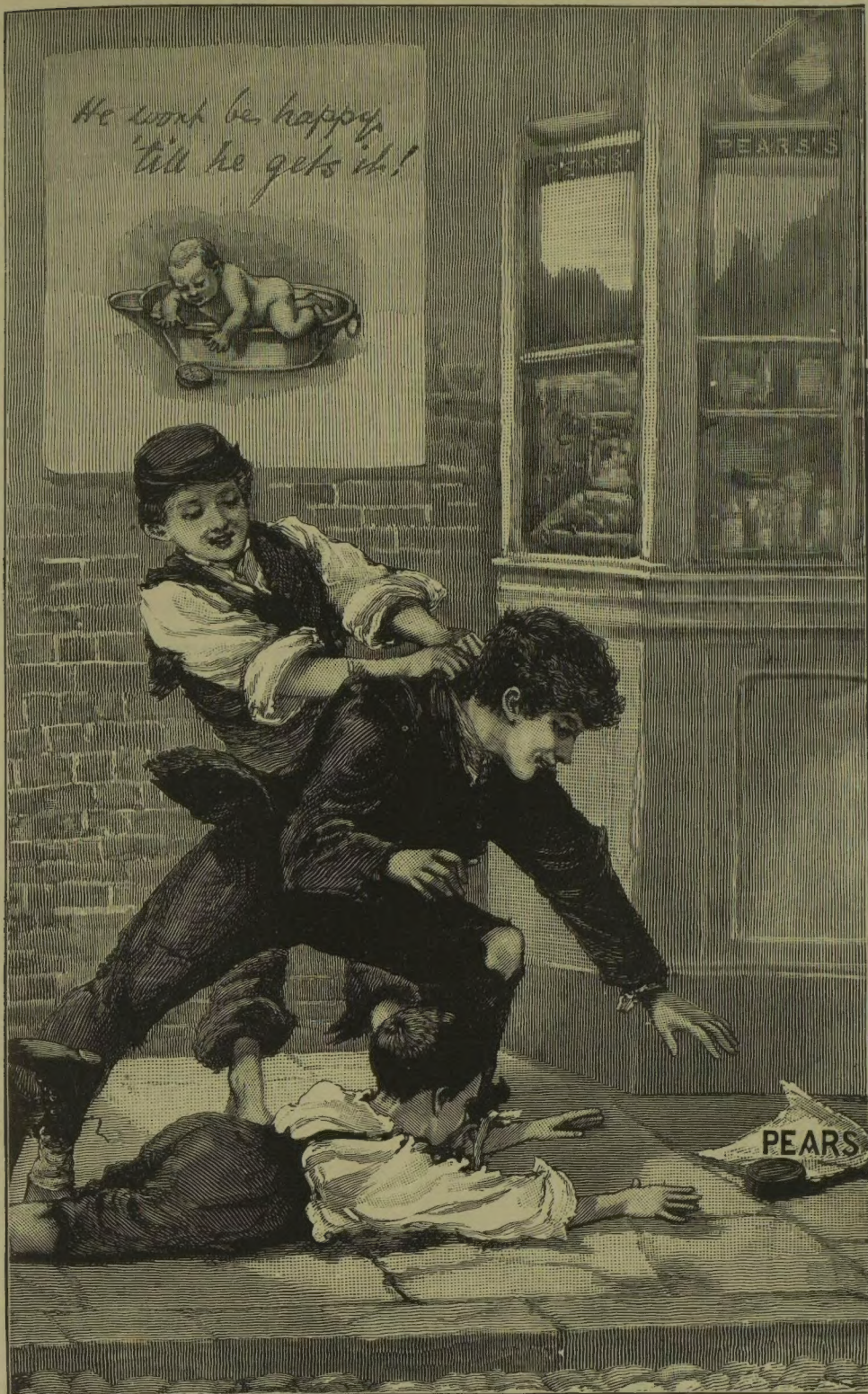
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TO persons whose skin is delicate or sensitive to changes in the weather, winter or summer, PEARS' TRANSPARENT SOAP is invaluable, as, on account of its emollient, non-irritant character, Redness, Roughness and Chapping are prevented, and a clear appearance and soft velvety condition maintained, and a good, healthful and attractive complexion ensured. Its agreeable and lasting perfume, beautiful appearance, and soothing properties, commend it as the greatest luxury and most elegant adjunct to the toilet.

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"I HAVE found PEARS' SOAP matchless for the Hands and Complexion."

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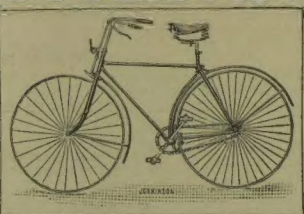
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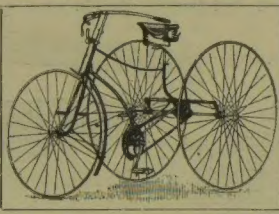
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Removes all traces of Tobacco smoke.

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following), of Miss Clara Dowson Earle, late of Tunbridge Wells, who died on March 4, was proved on March 31 by the Rev. Alfred Earle, the brother, and John Algernon Jones, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £27,000. The testatrix bequeaths £4000 each to her sisters Jane Mary Massey and Gertrude Walford Jones, and to her brother, Alfred Earle, and £3800 to her sister Ellen Moore, all free of legacy duty, in addition to other bequests to them; and numerous legacies, pecuniary and specific, to relatives and others. The residue of her real and personal estate she leaves equally between her seven godchildren.

The will (dated Dec. 10, 1887) of Mr. Robert Campbell, formerly of Ramsgate, Kent, and of Bassanthwaite, Keswick, Cumberland, and late of Charing, Kent, who died on March 15, was proved on March 31 by John Robert Campbell, the son, the sole executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £26,000. The testator gives, devises, and bequeaths all and singular his real and personal estate to his said son, absolutely.

The will (dated Aug. 22, 1889) of Mr. John Cranstoun, late of Ludlow, Salop, banker, who died on Feb. 3 last, was proved on March 26 by the Rev. John Pugh Cranstoun, the son, and Miss Elizabeth Cranstoun, the daughter, the acting executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £16,000. The testator gives the Greet estate, Burford, Salop, and a house in King-street, Ludlow, to his eldest son, John Pugh, in fee simple; a piece of meadow land at Linley, Salop, to his daughter Mary Jane Weyman, for life, and then to his said son; his household furniture and effects, horses and carriages, to his children Elizabeth, John Pugh, George, and Charles Bruce; and £4000, upon trust, for each of his said two

daughters. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his two younger sons, George and Charles Bruce.

The will and codicil of General Thomas Maitland Wilson, late of 26, Gloucester-place, Hyde Park, who died on Dec. 17, were proved on April 1 by Andrew Mitchell and James Dennistoun Mitchell, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate in the United Kingdom amounting to over £9000.

The Drawing Society has awarded prizes for drawings now on exhibition as follows: Sir Frederick Leighton's to W. K. Hinchcliff, Sir James Linton's to C. Francis, Sir John Gilbert's to J. Mothersole, G. F. Watts's to D. Stockings. Of the sixty-two schools competing, the following have received the largest number of awards: Clapton High, Rochester Mathematical, Sevenoaks, Walthamstow Hall, Camden, Clergy Orphan, Kensington High, Cambridge, Westward Ho, Gravesend Proprietary, Halifax High, Bradford Girls' Grammar, Sheffield.

The twenty-third season of the Brompton Hospital entertainments concluded on April 15 with a concert given by Miss Eugénie Caverhill-Shiels, who once more showed her practical sympathy with the patients by organising the excellent programme. The brilliant singing of Miss Patti Winter, and the tasteful vocalisation of Miss Mary Crouch, Mr. Van Lennep, and Mr. Gabriel Thorp, the whistling of Mrs. Alice Shaw, the pianoforte-playing of Miss E. Caverhill-Shiels, the violin solo of Mlle. Isabelle Levallois, and the charming recitations of Mrs. Albert Barker, were heartily placed at the disposal of their sick friends, earning many encores, and leaving the remembrance of a delightful evening to all who had the pleasure of being present.

THE TEACHERS' GUILD.

The annual conference of the Teachers' Guild of Great Britain and Ireland was opened on April 10 at Cheltenham College, Mr. R. H. James presiding. The Mayor welcomed the delegates, who numbered about three hundred. The principal business was the discussion of the proposed Registration of Teachers Bill, having for its object the establishment of an educational council, the registration and examination of teachers, &c., and to defend properly qualified masters and mistresses, and also parents, from persons who set up as teachers without any qualifications. Other subjects discussed were the proposed educational museum, and the teaching of English and music.

On the 11th the principal subject of discussion was "Written as Compared with Oral Instruction in School." The readers of the papers expressed a strong preference for oral instruction in the case of the younger children.

The conference terminated on the 12th. In the morning the discussion was continued on the question "That Phonetics Should Form the Basis of the Teaching of Modern Languages." A paper was read by Professor Paul Barbier, of Cardiff, who opened a debate on "The Value of Grammar, and the Place it Should Occupy in the Future Teaching of Modern Languages." Professor K. Meyer, of Liverpool University College, moved "That a proper supply of teachers can be best obtained by establishing at our Universities an Honours Degree in Modern Languages, which shall adequately test a knowledge of the living language." The motion was seconded by Mr. F. Storr, Merchant Taylors' School, and was adopted. The conference terminated with votes of thanks to the Mayor of Cheltenham and others. During the afternoon the members made trips to various places of interest in the neighbourhood.

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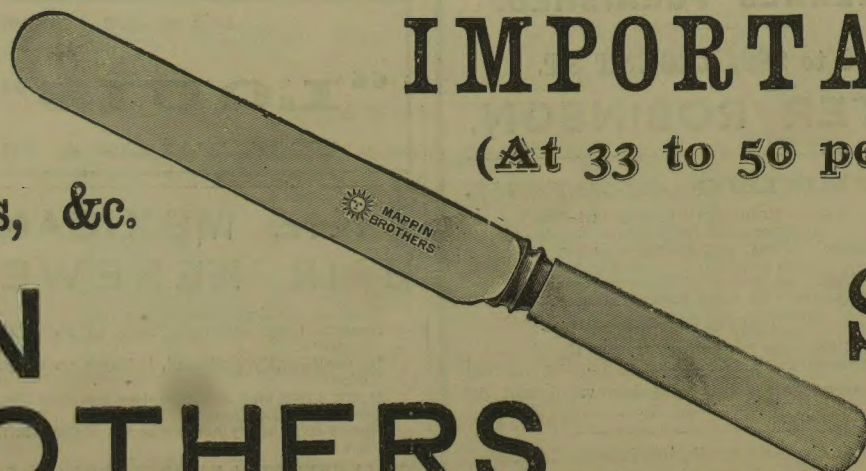
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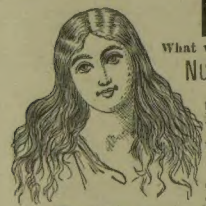
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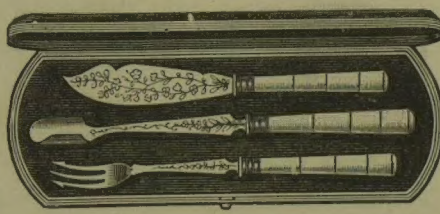
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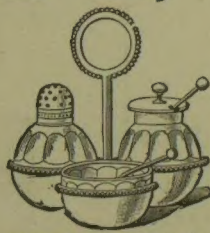
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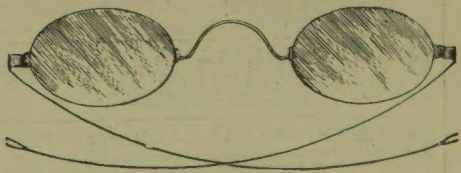


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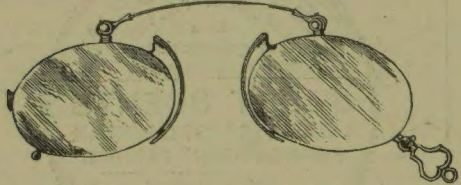
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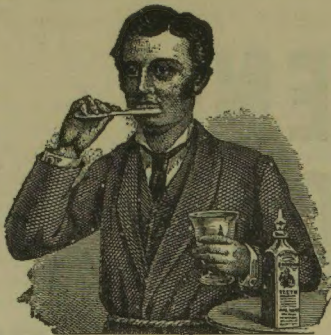
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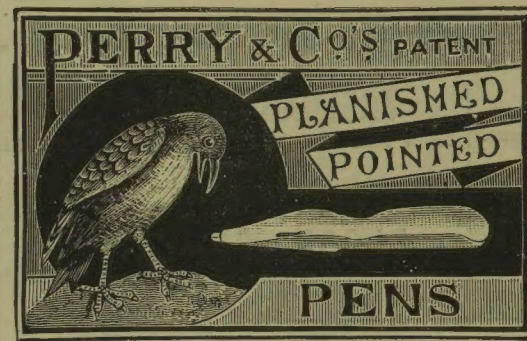


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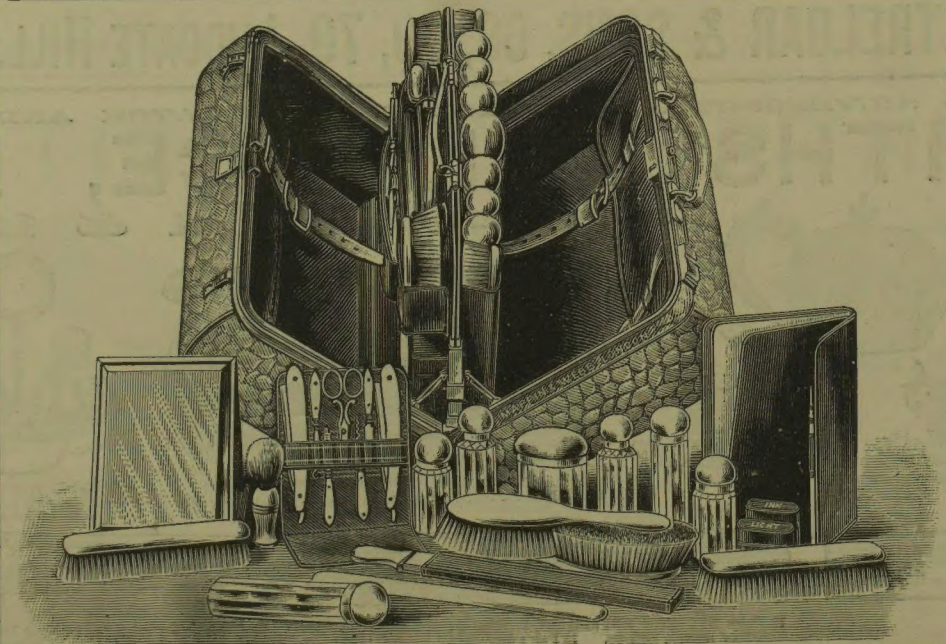
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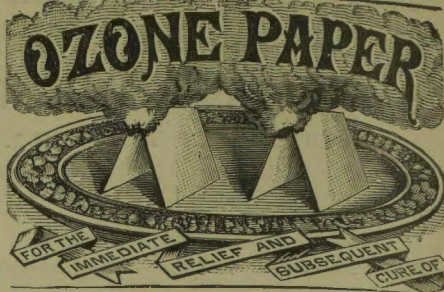


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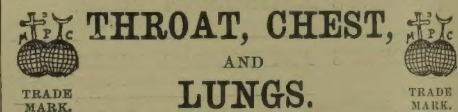
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